The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914.

Summary of the News

The battle of the Aisne, now in its fourth week, has continued without decisive result, the French left flank and the German right spreading in a northerly direction towards the Belgian frontier. In the eastern sphere of operations a severe battle has been fought on the River Niemen, and in Galicia the Russian troops have continued their progress.

Italy's attitude of neutrality has become slightly more defined during the past week, and prospects of her being able to avoid entrance to the quarrel are perhaps better than at any time during the course of the war. On September 30 meetings were held of the various Italian Parliamentary groups to discuss the situation, and at all of them resolutions were passed substantially approving the attitude of the Government, provided that the protection of Italian interests should be assured. In reply to the Italian note to Austria protesting against the laying of mines in the Adriatic, and the consequent destruction of Italian shipping, the Austrian Government has answered in conciliatory terms. The matter of the indemnity to be paid to the families of the victims, it is understood, will be referred by Italy to the Hague Tribunal.

The assumption that the Italian note of protest was intended to serve as a provocation to war is belied by the moderate terms in which it was couched—in contrast with the ultimatum which originally started the war. Furthermore, the impression has gained ground that Italian participation is not now desired by the Allies themselves. Italy, it is felt, would devote her chief attention to Austria, which is already sufficiently engaged with Russia and Servia, and complications between the latter country and Italy as to the division of the spoils might ensue at the end of the war. As we have pointed out previously, simply as the reward of benevolent neutrality, in the event of the Allies' success, Italy will no doubt recover Trieste and the Trentine.

Despite rumors of differences of opinion between King Charles of Rumania and his Cabinet, culminating in reports of a fictitious illness on the part of the monarch, in order to avoid a meeting with his advisers, it is probable that Rumania will be guided in the matter of neutrality by the attitude of Italy. A report from Rome was published on Monday stating that the President of the Rumanian Senate had arrived in Berlin on a political mission, and that, in an interview with him, published in the *Vossische Zeitung*, he was quoted as declaring that the last Privy Council presided over by King Charles had decided in favor of the preservation of neutrality.

There have been rumors that Italy had occupied or was about to occupy Avlona, the key to the Adriatic, and, while such action might, strictly speaking, involve no breach of neutrality, it would bring about a highly delicate situation. Up to the time of writing, however, none of these rumors have been confirmed, and it seems improbable that the Italian Government seriously contemplates such an action, more especially as its protégé, Essad Pasha, appears for the moment at least to be in the ascendant in Albania. According to dispatches from Rome on Monday, he has carried out his threat, which we recorded last week, and has entered Durazzo in triumph at the head of 12,000 men. The dispatch adds that he was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants and by the Italian colony.

The Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bill, carrying a general fund of $20,000,000 for continuing present projects in the discretion of army engineers, which was approved by the House on September 30, was signed by the President on Friday of last week.

According to dispatches from Washington published on Tuesday, the President has informed the responsible leaders of the House and Senate that it will be agreeable to him for Congress to adjourn by October 15, providing that the War Revenue bill has been enacted by that time.

The Senate on Monday, by a vote of 35 to 24, adopted the conference report on the Clayton measure supplementing the Sherman Anti-Trust act. In the House on Tuesday consideration of the conference report was put over until the following day (Wednesday), when it was agreed that a vote should be taken before night.

Revision of the War Revenue bill was completed by the Finance Committee of the Senate on Monday. The proposed taxes on life insurance and on casualty insurance have been eliminated, and as completed the measure provides for the tax of $1.50 per barrel on beer, twenty cents a gallon on sweet wines, eight cents on dry wines, one cent a gallon on gasolene, fifty cents per horsepower on automobile sales, $2 per thousand on bank capital and surplus, the special taxes on brokers, tobacco manufacturers, and dealers, and the old Spanish War stamp taxes. It was decided that caucus action should be taken to expedite the passage of the bill.

The situation in Mexico does not appear to grow less complicated, and the status of affairs is not illumined by the rigid censorship that is imposed on news. Nevertheless, officials at Washington are understood to entertain hopes that the differences between Villa and Carranza may be composed at the conference of generals at Aguascalientes, which is to meet on October 10. According to the Constitutionalist agency in Washington, Gen. Carranza at the conference of Constitutionalist leaders, which assembled at Mexico City on October 1, submitted his resignation on the night of October 3, but the convention refused to accept it at the present time. On the same day Gen. Carranza was reported as having declared in his statement to the convention that it was his duty to "fix the responsibility of the rebellion of Gen. Villa, which is nothing but a plot instigated by the so-called cientificos and by all of our conquered enemies who have not received public offices, on account of incompetence and cowardice." In the meanwhile, fighting has been resumed at Naco, where forces under Gov. Maytorena have attacked those of Gen. Benjamin Hill.

The British statement of revenue and expenditure for the first half of the financial year, ending on September 30, tells a significant tale. The national revenue in that period amounted to $380,000,000, a decrease of $13,500,000, as compared with last year, while the expenditures aggregated $670,000,000, showing an increase of nearly $230,000,000 due to the war.

As a counter-stroke to the policy adopted by Germany the British official information bureau announced on October 2 that the Government had decided to lay mines in certain areas. For the protection of non-combatants the Admiralty announced that it would be dangerous henceforward for ships to cross the area between latitude 51.15 north and 51.40 north, and longitude 1.35 east and 3 east.

The question that arose between Great Britain and the United States over the importation of foodstuffs to Holland has been adjusted without difficulty. On October 1 the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, notified the State Department that Great Britain would not interfere with the shipment of foodstuffs from this country to Holland, and would release all cargoes as soon as it is established that their destination is Holland. The Dutch Government similarly has given assurances to Great Britain that it will prohibit the exportation of foodstuffs to Germany or to other countries now at war.

Undeterred by the protests of the Powers, the Ottoman Government appears to be carrying out its programme for the abrogation of the capitulations. It was announced on Monday that the new and increased custom rates proposed to replace the low arbitrary rates fixed in the capitulations were being put into effect. Washington officials are understood to have no apprehensions as to the security of Americans in Turkey, and Secretary Daniels announced last week that the Administration had no intention of sending more warships to the Mediterranean. The North Carolina is already off Alexandria, and the Tennessee is under orders to proceed to Brindisi.

As a result of negotiations between the Governments of Japan and China the Chinese authorities have informed the Japanese that they will not oppose the military occupation of the Shan-tung Railway, which the Japanese are using in connection with their operations against the German territory of Kiao-chau. The Japanese, in turn, undertake as soon as possible to replace the military by a civil administration of the line.

The deaths of the week include: Col. Horace A. Hutchins, September 30; Charles A. Schermerhorn, the Rev. James L. Goodknight, Earl of Clarendon, October 2; Gardiner M. Lane, Rear-Admiral Thomas Holdup Stevens, 3d, October 3; William P. Brown, October 5; Count Albert de Mun, October 6.

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The Week

After all the hurling back and forth of charges of atrocities in Belgium, it is gratifying to note that one accusation by the Germans has now been definitely withdrawn—namely, that Catholic priests were guilty, with other Belgians, of outrages upon wounded soldiers, doctors, and nurses. It will be remembered that this charge was fathered by the Emperor William himself, in his protest to President Wilson. In it he referred to the "enormities" committed "even by women and clergymen." As it happens, this accusation was challenged by Germans themselves. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* of September 13 printed letters from correspondents lamenting the Kaiser's too hasty acceptance of what he had been told by army officers. One of the communications said that "the fearful charge against clergymen in the telegram of our Kaiser to President Wilson . . . cannot be received with indifference by the Catholics of Germany." The writer went on to admit that possibly some Belgian priests, "out of wrong-headed patriotism," had stirred up their parishioners to armed resistance; "but that a Catholic priest should have been guilty personally of horrible deeds committed upon poor wounded men and even nurses, that I regard as impossible. An error must have slipped into the report." This is plainly now the sober second thought of the General Staff and the Kaiser. At the time, however, the German authorities suspended the publication of the *Volkszeitung* for one day, as a punishment for having dared to print the criticisms of the Kaiser's telegram.

Dispatches from Washington indicate very clearly that the delicate questions which come up in every war concerning the attitude of belligerents towards the transportation of contraband, or "conditional contraband," goods in neutral vessels are not at all likely to make trouble between this country and Great Britain. The particular matter that carried with it serious possibilities of friction was that of the shipment of foodstuffs to Holland from this country, in neutral ships—the point being that this might be made a means of provisioning the German army, *via* Holland. The State Department last week issued an official statement declaring that there was no foundation for the report, which appeared in certain papers recently, that "the British Ambassador had advised officials of the State Department that Great Britain intended to seize goods listed as conditional contraband, which were destined for Germany or Austria, even if they were carried in neutral ships, and consigned to neutral ports." Mr. Lansing, Counsellor for the State Department, added that he had no doubt that an arrangement could be reached concerning the shipment of conditional contraband, which would be "satisfactory to all parties concerned," and later we are glad to learn that agreements were reached between Washington and the British Government and between the latter and the Dutch Government that justify Mr. Lansing's expectations.

Incidentally, the country rejoices that Wilson is President, not Roosevelt, whose recently expressed attitude towards disarmament confirms this judgment. The accumulating and increasing horrors of the European wars are creating a great tidal wave of public opinion that sweeps aside all specious reasoning and admits of but one simple, common-sense, humane conclusion—a demand for peace and disarmament among civilized nations.

The author of this just and proper sentiment is Robert M. La Follette, not so long ago a hero of Roosevelt's showered with praise by that dispenser of blame and of rewards. Mr. La Follette is nothing if not a keen observer of political currents and popular opinion, and in his *Weekly* he declares that President Wilson "to-day holds a supreme place in the confidence of the people of the United States," which is summed up in the simple phrase, "He is keeping us out of war." The praise Senator La Follette bestows upon him and Mr. Bryan is unreserved. Those who, like Mr. Roosevelt, mocked at Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy now offer up "prayers of thanksgiving" that we were spared a war in Mexico. As for the peace treaties, negotiated by Mr. Bryan, which Mr. Roosevelt scorns, the Wisconsin Senator declares that they constitute a "great service to the human race." From our observation of press and public, we believe that Senator La Follette is correct in his estimate of what the public is thinking. We cannot but feel that Mr. Roosevelt's re-hashing of his mistaken militaristic theories just at this time is as grave a political mistake as any of the many that he has recently made and that have caused his friends to wonder what has become of his once great political skill and intuitive knowledge of public opinion.

Not only do we believe that the public, suffering as it is indirectly because of the reversion to savagery in Europe, is in no mood to listen to such counsels as Mr. Roosevelt is now giving us, but we think that next winter there will be a strong demand that we begin to retrench in our naval armaments. Any attempt to add two or three battleships to our fleet next winter is certain to meet the stoutest resistance, thanks to the illumination which has come from the European struggle. If, when the hour for peace strikes, we are to use the great influence which is to be ours towards universal disarmament, we must at least be willing to set an example ourselves. It cannot be denied that we, too, have played an unhappy part in the general game of egging the other fellow on to build more ships. In the Reichstag, as in the Parliament at London, the growth of our fleet has been cited as a reason why the strength of England's and Germany's should be increased. Our own naval experts have insisted that we must not yield second place in capital-warship tonnage to Germany, and in Germany it has been demanded that she should be second only to England. It is time that we led the way towards sense and sanity and stopped the craze for warships which in about thirty years sent our navy appropriations up from $7,000,000 to $140,718,000.

It is highly satisfactory to learn that the President has given up the expectation of putting through any legislation for Presidential-preference primaries in the present Congress, either at the session now drawing to a close or at the short session ending March 4, 1915. The reason assigned for the postponement of this project is that it has been found, upon investigation, that the varied election and primary laws of the States have made it incumbent upon the framers of a Presidential-primary law to find some method of avoiding confusion and unnecessary expense. This has not yet been satisfactorily worked out. The reason is doubtless sufficient; but if it did not exist there would still be very strong ground for hesitation in the matter. It is very far from certain whether any machinery that could be devised would insure a choice of Presidential candidates, through the automatic process of the primary, which would reflect either the need of the country or the real will of the people as well as does the convention system. That is a rough and in many ways faulty piece of mechanism, to be sure; but it has the supreme advantage of bringing public sentiment to a focus at the critical moment, and of making possible alignments of kindred elements which, in the scattered movements of a nation-wide primary, would be working at random and without substantial result.

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A resolution has been introduced into the House, calling on Secretary McAdoo to explain his deposit of $400,000 Government surplus with a New York bank, in return for that bank's consent to take up $1,400,000 one-year 6 per cent. notes of the State of Tennessee. The resolution unfortunately misses the real point to which inquiry ought to be directed; which is, the question whether the Treasury maintains the policy of using Government money in this way, in order to favor any single borrower. We have no doubt that the State of Tennessee had a right to immediate consideration. But if the Treasury is to pass on the merits of applicants, and to finance them, directly or indirectly, through use of the public moneys, we shall have created functions for that office whose scope may be dangerously wide. Operations of this nature are, in our opinion, wholly outside of the Treasury's proper powers. They have no relation even to deposit of public funds conditioned on their use to move the crops. In that expedient there was at least recognition of a national requirement. But precedent for dictating the precise destination of public money placed in banks will not easily be found, short of the period of unhappy experiments in Jackson's day.

The Treasury's revenue from customs for the month of September shows a decline of $9,000,000 as compared with the same month last year. It was on the probable falling off in this source of revenue, chiefly as a consequence of the war, that Mr. Wilson based his recommendation of an emergency tax measure. There is unfortunately only too much reason to expect that the showing for September in this regard will be repeated, month by month, for a considerable period. Accordingly, it can hardly be that the opposition set up by the Republicans to the passing of the emergency tax bill will show any great strength or persistence. There seems to be no serious difference of opinion as to the desirability of providing by taxation for whatever deficiency is in prospect; and as to the contention that if the Democrats had managed better there would have been no deficiency, this may be interesting, and even important, but has no practical bearing on the question of what ought to be done. However, the saying that there is no use in crying over spilt milk does not apply to campaign speeches—provided it was the other side that spilled it; and this particular milk will be cried over a good deal by the Republican spellbinders.

The "special memorandum of caution and warning" issued by John Barrett regarding the Latin-American commercial situation, and based upon cabled information from nearly three dozen cities in the twenty countries to the south of us, puts into official shape the conclusions already reached by those best informed. The idea that we could march into the markets of these countries as easily as Germany imagined she was going to march into Paris took no account of conditions that are becoming more and more evident. "What is needed at this hour in Latin America," in Mr. Barrett's words, "is not so much a supply of the manufactured products of the United States, although required in considerable quantities, but money, loans, and advances, credits on purchases, and markets at reasonable rates for raw products which usually go to Europe." The very catastrophe that has cut off sources of Latin-American imports and outlets for Latin-American exports has also crippled Latin-American financial resources and commercial machinery. Months will be required before conditions can be readjusted. The opportunity potentially offered may be judged from the fact that the Latin-American foreign trade amounted last year to three billions of dollars, of which two-thirds represented transactions with Europe. The encouraging feature is that our trade with the twenty nations has risen from an annual value of $450,000,000 to one of $850,000,000 in the past seven years.

The state of Mexican finances is disheartening enough; but no more so than our own outlook during the Revolution, when it required $40 in Continental paper to purchase one gold dollar. The economists and bankers who are studying the matter, moreover, can recall the uniform success with which Mexico has emerged from her financial difficulties in the past—she was on a fairly sound basis when the Madero revolution began. The country is at present flooded with counterfeit money; the issues of various chieftains are still in local circulation; and as the authorized paper money is worth about one-fifth of American money, while Mexican silver is worth about one-half, all metallic currency is being hoarded. But an article by Dean Fuller in the *Mexican Herald*, supported by editorial comment, still takes a hopeful view. Already efforts are on foot to rehabilitate the monetary system, and wild-cat banking is being curbed. It is generally agreed that the enforced liquidation of insolvent banks is to be avoided where they can be helped to their feet; while there is also general opposition to arbitrary attempts to call metal into circulation. The great goal from every point of view in Mexico is the resumption of industry, which, by giving the country a credit to meet foreign obligations, will bring about a readjustment of rates of exchange and call forth the silver. Like ourselves 125 years ago, Mexico's main need is of some one to smite the rock of her natural resources.

Now that President Wilson has made peace with Col. Harvey, and there seems a prospect that arbitration will yet reconcile the White House and Henry Watterson, no one need despair of the early conclusion of hostilities in Europe. No feud was apparently more destined to be lasting than this one between Col. Harvey and the President. That it has been ended is another striking sign of the steadily growing harmony of the Democratic party under the schoolmaster's leadership. Senator Chilton's change from an opponent to an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Wilson is notable. But there is an even more striking recognition of the fact that the people are behind the President than this. No less a boss than Nugent of New Jersey has declared that the people must stand by Mr. Wilson and give him unwavering support in the policies he has adopted. When one considers the malignant hatred of Nugent for Wilson in the past, and the character of the punishment Mr. Wilson has repeatedly inflicted on Nugent, this transformation is of great significance. Mr. Nugent's motives are open to suspicion; he has read the handwriting on the wall and acted promptly to save his skin once more. The outlook for an enthusiastic Democratic campaign in New Jersey is now of the best.

Compared with expenditures of millions daily for war, the annual budget of $450,000 for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is puny enough; but it maintains a varied work. A sum that would hardly pay for a good torpedo boat has made possible during one year assistance and coöperation for 511 international associations; the subvention of several American and four European periodicals; the arrangement of such speaking tours as that of Mr. Robert Bacon to South America, Mr. Hamilton Mabie to Japan, and Professor Sato to the United States; the distribution of thousands of copies each of pamphlets on the Panama controversy, and of books like "L'Enigme Allemande," Dr. Eliot's "Roads Towards Peace," and Baron de Constant's "Les Etats

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Unis d'Amérique"; the collection and publication of treaties, the holding of international conventions of students, and the undertaking of a history of international law. The hard-headed American citizenship, not completely a citizenship of pacifists, and quite aware that the millennium is not yet, can only approve the spirit in which Drs. Eliot, Butler, John Bates Clark, and others declare in their report that they have approached their work. They have wished to lay "little stress upon those aspects of peace propaganda that are rhetorical and fleeting in character," but to organize throughout the world permanent "centres of influence and constructive policy." The aim is the upbuilding of "a sound international opinion that will rest upon permanent conviction," not the mere "denunciation of war and of armaments, however sincere."

"About this time look out for a deluge of mail bearing the Congressional frank." Thus would doubtless run a warning in a really candid political almanac, at the top of the October page. The old parties have become fairly expert at the process of getting leave to print, and then using the privilege to disseminate campaign speeches, but their best efforts must be surpassed by that of a Pennsylvania Representative who is sending out this letter:

> I am enclosing you copy of speech which I made in the House of Representatives several days ago, entitled, "A Great New Party." This speech contains a history of the Progressive party in State and nation; the platform of the Republican State Convention of 1912; the Progressive Convention, together with names of committee comprising Eastern, Middle, and Western divisions; history of the legislation of 1913, with measures that were promised, but not enacted into law; town meetings and conferences for organization for the future; the Washington platform; Gifford Pinchot's platform, and under paragraph entitled "A Patriotic Act," the withdrawal of William Draper Lewis and endorsement of Vance C. McCormick for Governor; and under paragraph "Mobilization," the united efforts of all candidates to clean the State of Penrose and Penroseism.

And he adds: "If you can send it out, I can have it printed for you at the rate of three dollars a thousand, and I will furnish franked envelopes so that it can go out under my frank." Why Congress should listen to platforms, lists of names, and other information more suitable for a campaign handbook is clear only when we reflect that probably the "speech" was never delivered, being merely printed, and that this is one of the cheapest ways of getting out such a handbook—if the cost to the Government is not reckoned.

The virtual blockade on cotton is raising once more the question of diversifying crops in the South. The *Florida Times-Union* recalls: "In 1860 the South was as much of a cotton plantation as it is in 1914, but at the call of necessity she made a quick change that amounted to transformation; she fed her armies, and from the fields untouched by the enemy she took a great surplus in 1865." In that same year "the herds and flocks of the South were notable for both numbers and good condition," but old habit and phenomenal cotton prices were too much for development in new directions. To-day "the land is cheap and the climate is more favorable than that which threatened the Western pastures with the necessity of feeding during the winter and the possibility of blizzard weather for weeks." The cotton fields, now suddenly become unprofitable, "can again be transformed into profitable pastures, and the old plantation become once more a stock farm, provided due care and knowledge be enlisted in the change." What prevents one from being very hopeful about this idea is that the wildest fluctuations in the cotton market have not led to any large abandonment of cotton-growing for other crops.

Congressman Mann has fairly outdone Hobson in his vision of war between the Orient and us. Where the Alabama Representative sees Japan menacing our peace, the Chicagoan catches sight of a still more horrible giant, "lying like a sleeping monster" now, but destined to awake and engage us in a tussle, at first commercial, but later military, for "a fight for commercial supremacy leads in the end to a fight with arms." According to this reasoning, the foe ought to be England. What strikes one, however, is not so much the substance of Mr. Mann's warning—it is not very novel—as its timeliness. He chooses for his prophecy of armed conflict the moment when we are doing our utmost to preserve our neutrality, real as well as formal, among the combatants of the greatest contest in history. The fine taste of this procedure is apparent. And yet perhaps he has in reality chosen better than he intended. To talk of war at a time when the very word is revolting, to drag out once more the notion of "inevitable conflict" between peoples and races at the hour when the whole world is feeling that in some way peace must be made the inevitable condition hereafter—this is scarcely an effective method of arousing suspicions concerning our neighbors across the Pacific.

There can be no denying the impressiveness of the registration figures of Columbia University. Twelve thousand students constitute a scholastic body whose numbers are unapproached by those of any other university in this country, or by many abroad. At the same time, certain qualifications must be made in any comparison of this number with that of even a few decades ago at Columbia or any other American university. No one will suppose that all of these twelve thousand are looking forward to a bachelor's degree in either arts or science. But how many persons realize that half of this twelve thousand are only Summer School students, who would not have figured at all a few years ago? Some of these are doubtless men and women who go to Summer School year after year, until they reach the goal at which others arrive more rapidly, but this can hardly be said of the great mass of them. Just as the Ph.D. is a fetich in some quarters, so is even the briefest attendance at a university in others. A teacher who feels the competition of younger and better-prepared rivals, circumvents them by spending six weeks at some well-known summer school.

This aspect of university registration is emphasized when we look at the departments at Columbia which show the greatest increase over last year. Excepting the Summer School, these are Teachers College and the Extension Teaching Department—divisions, that is, which did not exist until recently, and are still regarded as lacking the authority of the older departments. Other universities which follow the same policy of making a special appeal to teachers would show the same phenomena. The regular undergraduate department of arts and sciences has almost everywhere exhibited a continual shrinking in comparison with the other departments. Some of our universities, such as Yale and Princeton, have been inclined to shake their heads at this "popularization" of learning, and undoubtedly a danger exists in it. Chautauqua has become a synonym for superficiality. But it is well to recognize that there is another side to this policy of extending university opportunities as widely as possible, a side that can hardly be appreciated by persons who went to college as naturally and as easily as they went to public school. "University extension," whether undertaken by a new institution like Chicago, or by older ones such as Columbia and New York University, has demonstrated benefits that mark it as being worthy of a permanent place in the curriculum.

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PATRIOTISM IN WAR AND PEACE.

That the German people, during the past two months, have made a wonderful display of unity, devotion, and exalted national feeling, no one can any longer question. The evidence is overwhelming. Some of the most striking parts of it come from Americans who were in Munich or Frankfort or Berlin throughout mobilization and the first days of the war. These foreign observers on the spot were impressed not so much by the precision and power of the military preparations as by the spirit among all classes of Germans. The fighting men went to the front enthusiastically, but those who stayed behind showed even a deeper loyalty and readiness to sacrifice all, if need be. One American lady who saw the drawing together of the whole population of one German city, and especially the great uplifting of soul on the part of German women in the presence of the awful losses and suffering which they knew they were facing, cannot to this day speak of the spectacle which she witnessed, without tears in her eyes.

Similar accounts of the marvellous effects of the war in uniting a whole people, and in quickening their patriotic impulses, have been given as to England and France. We dare say that the same thing has been seen in Austria, and on an even greater scale in Russia. The transformation which came over the French nation in the first days of August is notably testified to in the last number, pitifully shrunken by the war, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It contains a report of his military experiences, by Charles Nordmann, formerly a scientific contributor to its pages, but now signing himself merely "soldat de 2e classe." With restraint, yet with a vivid pen, Mr. Nordmann describes the swell of soul which he observed, not alone among the soldiers, but everywhere in the villages and cities through which he passed. We give a few sentences from his article:

> How that last sight of Paris calmed my spirit! I felt that a common peril had knit together hearts that we thought separated. It was a question of saving France: of giving the whole world liberty to breathe, to think, to progress. That was what everybody felt, more or less clearly, from the most lowly workingman to the most cultivated scholar; and it was for this reason that we saw all Frenchmen carried away by the same emotion, and made one, as it were, with the great hours of the Revolution. What a joy to have seen this miracle!

Such outbursts of national sentiment and of pride of country are, as we say, common to all the combatants in the European war. Each nation believes earnestly that it is in the right; that the war was forced upon it; that it is battling for righteousness and for civilization itself. Of course, these manifestations of the patriotic spirit in war prove nothing as to the ultimate responsibility for the awful conflict. That is to be fixed on far different grounds. But all that we are remarking upon to-day is the fact that the terrible emergency has called out, in a very extraordinary way, the resources of patriotic heroism, the sense of the true meaning of national life, and the willingness to do and suffer everything for the sake of country. No one can be so dull, no champion of international peace can be so indifferent, as not to be profoundly touched by these moving exhibitions of the grandeur of human nature under mighty stress. If only this universal and compelling rush of the souls of men to dare and meet any fate had been called out by some high appeal of humanity, instead of by the trumpet summoning to battle!

In a lecture on reform which he delivered in 1887, James Russell Lowell referred to the same kindling of the nation's soul which this country had gone through in 1861—"that great national passion, obliterating all lines of party division and levelling all the landmarks of habitual politics. Who that saw it will ever forget that enthusiasm of loyalty for the flag and for what the flag symbolized which twenty-six years ago swept all the country's forces of thought and sentiment, of memory and hope, into the grasp of its overmastering torrent?" But Lowell was too clear-eyed not to see that these "ecstasies of emotion" are necessarily "transient." Ennobling they may be for the time, but they pass. And Lowell pleaded for "a sedater kind of patriotism," less inspiring, but more serviceable, year in and year out. Anticipating William James, he hoped that ways might be found of calling out the unflagging zeal of patriots in the constant fight against ignorance and corruption, with an exaltation of spirit comparable to that with which we gazed upon the "image of our Country with the flame of battle in her eyes."

In the United States we are at peace; yet upon us, too, the war has made patriotic demands. And they have been met in fine ways. The wise and splendid stand of President Wilson has been heartily recognized and supported. Financial exigencies have been faced by bankers and others in the truest public spirit: we need but mention the way in which the New York banks came unselfishly to the aid of the city in meeting its maturing obligations held abroad. And the display of the humane spirit of America has been most gratifying. Flowing abroad, it can be counted upon if the problems of unemployment and the need of large plans of temporary relief become pressing at home this winter. The demonstration is complete that there are vast reserves of patriotic energy to be depended upon in this country. If only they could be enlisted, to-day and always, in the causes of education and human betterment! In them the noblest souls hear a clarion more urgent than that of war, so that in their devoted service, also, they feel that whatever their land and age ask of them they dare not refuse.

DESOLATED BELGIUM.

It did not require the graphic, yet sober, account of the condition of Belgium given by Mr. Whitehouse to establish the awful truth about the state of that ravaged country. Nobody denies it; nobody even pretends that the tale of woe, to which fresh chapters have been added day after day for two months, is exaggerated. We say nothing about causes; we say nothing about guilt; what we are speaking of is the fearful desolation and ruin, the heartrending distress, the unspeakable agony of hundreds of thousands of non-combatants who, a few short weeks ago, were dwellers in quiet and happy homes, and who are now wanderers on the face of the earth—fatherless, perhaps, or widowed; homeless and forlorn and almost hopeless, surely. Concerning their state, there is unfortunately no room for doubt or controversy; with cities and towns and villages given to the flames, and the whole countryside ravaged by the countless hosts of the invaders, no voice can be lifted up to say that the thing is not fully as appalling as it is imagined.

No, the trouble is all the other way. Imagination is all too feeble to body forth the truth. The mere extent of the misery defies realization; the individual horrors of the scene are too infinitely varied to permit of any attempt to grasp them; and over and above all this stand those effects of the paralysis of all the activities of the tiny country which we are not apt to think of, but which weigh down the population with a steady pressure of misery. Let a single passage from Mr. Whitehouse's statement speak to this point:

> The whole life of the nation has been arrested. Food supplies which would ordinarily reach the civilian population are being taken by the German troops for their own support. The peasants and poor are without the necessities of life, and conditions of starvation grow more acute every day. Even where there is a supply of wheat available, the peasants are

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not allowed to use their windmills, owing to the German fear that they will send signals to the Belgian army.

We are, therefore, face to face with a fact which has rarely, if ever, occurred in the history of the world—an entire nation is in a state of famine, and that within half a day's journey of our own shores.

And unfortunately we must remember that if, as now seems probable, the vast German army is to effect its retreat through Belgium, the agony of her people will inevitably be made still more terrible in the process.

We are not saying these things for the mere purpose of harrowing up the souls of our readers. We are saying them because we feel that such a condition of distress, suffered by a nation like Belgium, lays upon the people of a country like the United States a clear and imperative duty. There are, in this terrible war, many just claims upon our help; there are suffering non-combatants in Germany and France as well as in Belgium, and there is the call of distress from the battlefields. None of these calls should remain unheeded; but in the case of Belgium something more should be done than the mere piling up of a modest contribution of one or two hundred thousand dollars.

It must be remembered that in the bigger countries there remains, and is bound to remain throughout the war, a very large part not directly affected by the military operations; that to the sufferers, many as they may be, hands will be stretched out to help by a vastly larger number of fellow-countrymen who have been left comparatively unharmed. The terrible thing about Belgium is that almost the whole of the little country has been prostrated or laid waste. Madame Vandervelde was not wrong in saying that she felt as though she could not go home without taking a million dollars from America for the succor of her helpless countrymen. We ought to send a million and much more. Not to do it would be for this rich country, the only great nation in the Western world which now enjoys the blessing of assured peace, to fail to rise to the level of a high occasion and of a plain duty.

There is no doubt that the peculiar and paramount claim of the Belgians for help in their affliction is realized by many of our people. The Belgian Relief Fund has been growing rapidly—as such things are usually reckoned—regard being had to the fact that Belgium has but a slight representation among our population, and that the contributors to the fund are evidently, nearly all of them, simply Americans to whom the call of her suffering appeals. This is due, of course, not only to the extraordinary extent of that suffering, but also to the sympathy that is felt towards a people whose land has been desolated without any fault of theirs, unless it be a fault for a people to defend their native soil from invasion. It has been pleasing to see that in a short time nearly $100,000 has been raised here in New York, every day showing a list of scores of contributors. But this should be regarded only as a beginning. Let the Belgian Relief Committee organize a campaign aimed at the procuring of a sum large enough to make something of an impression upon the mass of misery it is designed to alleviate. Let the work be pushed not only here in New York, but in every large city in the United States. Let the people of this great country have their imagination aroused to the extraordinary and appalling nature of the calamity that they are called upon in some small measure to mitigate. We feel confident that if this is brought home to them, as it can be, the country will respond in a manner worthy of its traditions of humanity and commensurate in some degree with its vast resources.

WAR EXPENDITURE AND THE MARKETS.

The estimate cabled last week from Berlin, that the cost to the German Government of conducting its campaign is averaging $5,000,000 per day, agrees closely with previous estimates of probable cost. Exactly that figure was named in a well-known Austrian calculation, so long ago as 1896, and was concurred in by the French statistician, Jules Roche, at the time of the Manchurian War. Those same estimates fixed $5,100,000 per day as the cost of its part in a European war to France, though Finance Minister Ribot last Saturday named $7,000,000 as the figure. Russia's daily outlay was scheduled in the estimate referred to as $5,600,000; it may easily be much larger.

Curiously enough, as it happens, the only fighting Government concerning whose actual war outlay we have official data is the one which earlier estimates seldom dealt with. The British Exchequer publishes weekly classified statements of public revenue and expenditure, and the item "supply services," covering army and navy expenditure, gives the necessary information. The statement latest at hand is for the week ending September 12. It shows an expenditure larger by £4,200,000, or $21,000,000, than in the same week of 1913, when army and navy were on a peace footing. This difference would average $3,000,000 daily.

That approximate estimate of cost of war to England is borne out by the total figures from August 1 to September 12; during which six-week period the Exchequer paid out for "supply services" £30,200,000 more than in 1913, indicating an average daily expenditure, for purposes of this European war, of some $3,600,000. Taking the above-mentioned estimates for Germany, France, and Russia, and assuming (as the 1904 calculation did) a daily outlay of $2,600,000 for Austria, the total per diem war expenditure of the five chief belligerents must be reaching the respectable figure of $21,800,000. From the declaration of war to the present date, the total would have considerably exceeded a billion dollars; and that, it will be observed, makes no account of the military expenditure of Belgium and Japan. Nor does it allow for the very considerable cost of protective mobilization, on the part of such neutral states as Italy, Switzerland, and Holland. If the war were to continue actively during only four months more, the apparent total outlay would run between four and five thousand million dollars.

It is not yet clear in precisely what way the five belligerents will finance this huge expenditure, or what interest rate they will have to pay, or how the absorption of capital on such a scale will affect the general investment market—as regards both securities already outstanding and securities of corporations, cities, or neutral governments yet to be issued. Thus far, the British Government has borrowed £51,000,000 on Treasury bills with six or twelve months to run. These were placed in Lombard Street at rates ranging from 2⅞ to 3¾ per cent.; but that is obviously no criterion of the eventual rate, which will have to be determined when these short loans are funded into consols or a permanent war loan.

The German Government's operations are not easy to understand. Cables from Berlin have reported an offer of a thousand million marks of Exchequer bonds (presumably short-term issues) and of three thousand million marks in regular Imperial bonds. It was stated that both had been promptly taken and the Exchequer bonds 25 per cent. oversubscribed. The net rate of interest paid is said to be slightly under 6 per cent.; but it is somewhat difficult to understand how, in any market, a loan of $1,000,000,000 could at any time be so instantaneously disposed of, unless unusual concessions were granted as to price, or interest rate, or time for paying subscriptions, or all three.

As to Germany's ability, however, to raise

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enormous sums of capital at home, there can be little doubt. Even the Japanese people subscribed for upwards of $150,000,000 in its Government's loans during the Manchurian War. How Russia will finance its needs is not so clear; it had to raise more than half of the requisite capital in France to pursue its war with Japan. For France itself, experience teaches that it can rely on its own thrifty investors, who paid the billion-dollar Prussian indemnity of 1871, and who have now been hoarding money for three years, with an instinctive view to exactly the situation which has arisen. Austria is in a far more serious quandary; it was meeting great difficulty in its public borrowings, even before the war began.

What, then, will be the effect on the general investment market of these enormous impending war loans? This is a question of high perplexity. With all stock exchanges closed, it is not even possible to get the judgment of the investing community, expressed through the action of the market for older bonds. On the face of things, it would seem that the sudden creation of peremptory demands upon capital, on such a scale, must necessarily raise the price of investment capital substantially.

That conclusion would be emphasized by three other considerations—the fact that, unlike any other war in our time, this one has drawn nearly all the great lending nations into the struggle; the fact that accumulation of new capital in continental Europe has largely ceased, and the fact that needs for reconstruction purposes, even when war is over, will be exceptionally great. Against this may be placed the well-known fact that the existing capital of all the world has been hoarded, so to speak, during several years with perhaps this very state of affairs in sight. The question how long this costly contest is to be continued will also necessarily affect all inferences in the matter.

GERMAN CULTURE.

The question as to the peculiar distinction of German culture, which is frequently raised just now, is most interesting. We assume that the reference is, in a general way, to Germany's achievements in science and literature; even as to these, no categorical answer is possible. It is, however, safe to say that the really great minds of Germany have never made any professions for their country that seem to bear out what is so frequently asserted by chauvinist writers, and certain politicians and militarists. Great minds in Germany, as in other countries, have an international outlook, and to a Goethe, a Kant, a Lessing, and a Herder, any pretension to intellectual superiority based on national or racial grounds was unthinkable. It may, however, be admitted that certain characteristics have always been popularly associated with German culture, as distinguished from that of other countries, and it is this conception that has given German universities and other educational institutions the rank they hold in the estimation of the world.

Perhaps the chief trait of the typical German scholar is the union of a minute knowledge of his subject with a broad comprehension of general principles. This characteristic has stamped itself upon many German achievements. There are entire fields of intellectual activity in which some outstanding German name at once calls up a new era in scientific or literary research. The names of Winckelmann, Bopp, Karl Ritter, Johannes Müller, Virchow—to take only a few at random—suggest themselves as those of the founders of the sciences of classical archæology, comparative philology, physical geography, modern physiology, and cellular pathology. Niebuhr and Ranke established a new historical school, which Mommsen broadened still further; Ehrenberg's treatises on infusoria were epoch-making; Ewald and other German Orientalists blazed new paths in Bible criticism; Kirchhoff and Bunsen discovered spectrum analysis; Liebig and Wöhler conquered for chemistry a vast new domain; Savigny placed jurisprudence on a new historical basis. The bacteriological discoveries of Koch and Ehrlich are of supreme and world-wide importance. No country has produced a scholar like Helmholtz, who cultivated the most divergent fields of science, and was equally distinguished in physiology and in experimental and mathematical physics. Humboldt's grasp of the universe remains unrivalled to this day. Nevertheless, to name Pasteur, and Darwin, and Faraday is sufficient reminder how far Germany is from any claim to supremacy in all the highest achievements of science. Germany's preëminence in music is undisputed, and German translators and expounders have made Homer and Shakespeare live in another tongue than theirs. Kulturgeschichte—there is no precise name for it in English—may be said to be a German creation.

All this, and more, the world has always recognized, but it has long been felt—perhaps by none so much as by those who know the value of German teaching and can appreciate the charm of German life—that Germany has often been unfortunate in her public spokesmen—those injudicious patriots who have asserted for her an absolute superiority in every form of intellectual and moral endeavor. Literary historians and critics, in particular, have assigned to German writers a rank which, in the opinion of the most competent international critics, is not due them. German scholarship shows in this respect a certain inability—or is it unwillingness?—to conform to international standards, to evaluate German literature as a Sainte-Beuve or, let us say, a John Morley would have done. Goethe, Schiller, and Heine are indeed poets of the very highest order, but not every pleasing German lyrist is a Burns or a Shelley; not every Klopstock a Milton, nor—turning to prose—every Rabener a Rabelais or a Swift, every Spielhagen a Dickens. The fame of a Goethe surely needs no exaggeration, and no great writer, perhaps, had a saner view of his limitations than the greatest of Germans himself. Goethe thought Shakespeare as much above him as he believed himself to be above Tieck; yet so eminent a man of letters as Hermann Grimm could speak of "Faust" as "the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all nations."

It is curious to contrast the self-effacing modesty of the great scientists and men of learning who have made Germany illustrious, with the vociferous insistence of those literary critics who know so pitifully little of the difficulty of determining the relative rank of any man of real distinction. Rare indeed are the discrimination and the candor of a Huxley, who, immediately after the death of Darwin, carefully guarded himself against an overestimate of the great man whose life-long admirer and expounder he had been. "I am not likely," he wrote to Romanes, "to take a low view of Darwin's position in the history of science, but I am disposed to think that Buffon and Lamarck would run him hard in both genius and fertility. In breadth of view and in extent of knowledge these two men were giants, though we are apt to forget their services. Von Baer was another man of the same stamp; Cuvier, in a somewhat lower rank, another; and J. Müller another." Here is, indeed, an impressive lesson in international perspective, which critics of every nationality may well take to heart.

Germany is rich enough in literary treasures to dispense with idle self-glorification. Her achievements are *of* the highest, but they are not *the* highest. She has neither a Voltaire nor a Rousseau, neither a Montesquieu nor a Bossuet, neither a Molière

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nor a Balzac. Can she do better than profit by the example of wise Sainte-Beuve, who, addressing himself to lecturers on French literature, said, warningly: "I should wish the lecturer dwelling on the beauties and the grandeur of our literature and national history to guard against repeating what is so constantly said, in colleges and even in academies, on solemn occasions—that the French are the greatest and most sensible of all nations, and our literature the greatest of all literatures. I should wish him to content himself with saying that it is one of the finest, and that the world did not begin and does not end with us"?

There is another aspect of German culture which it is well to bear in mind in these days. What is best in German thought and German life was all there before the days of Germany's military glory and political might. Goethe and Schiller wrote their masterworks in one of the smallest of German States, at a time when German unity was a dream. And even when that dream was realized, there arose, as we now recall, the warning voice of a Gervinus against the overshadowing influence of Prussia. He and others —not the least loyal of Germany's sons—feared that the civilizing influence of the individual centres of German culture, the smaller capitals, would be weakened in the new era that was about to dawn. Have their misgivings proved wholly groundless? German civilization, in its broadest sense, is now being tried as it was never tried before. Who will be the successors, one asks, of the great that made German culture the admiration of the world? Goethe, interested in all nature and all mankind and incapable, as he said, of hating any nation; Kant, who on his deathbed whispered: "I have not yet lost my feeling for humanity"—are they Germany's greatest glory, or is it the Bismarcks and Moltkes?

GOLF AND NEURASTHENIA.

The erstwhile complacent golfer has had to receive many rude buffets in recent months, but he must think that an assault is now being made upon the last bastion of his creed. We refer to late efforts to show that golf is bad for its middle-aged and older devotees. Some sufferers are dragged forward to tell of their sad experience, and certain medical authorities are cited to prove that the game is neither wholesome nor safe for those past forty. Such is the new Oslerism! The most specific statement of the case that we have seen is in the *English Review*, in which an apparently veracious writer affirms:

My doctor declares neurasthenia to be the pathological symptom of the game. The vexations, the constant irritations, the disappointments, the concentration demanded, the eye strain exacted, the nervous tension involved, the mental stress and "draw" necessitated by this battle between the imperfections of humanity and the mechanical perfection aimed at, the moral energy dissipated, the artificial passivity of temperament which is essential, the sheer egocentricity, egoism, egomania, set up automatically by a game dependent solely upon one's own skill, and the retroactive depression caused inevitably by failure at it—these things, my doctor asserts, conduce to a peculiar morbid action upon the nervous system, resulting in a more or less chronic condition of sub-acute melancholia—the idiosyncrasy of the week-end golfer. I have been nearer to an outburst of hysterical weeping on the links than at any other time in life's calvary.

Wanken auch die Berge? Must we give up the most deep-rooted convictions about the benefits of golf for those in advancing years? Has Rockefeller played and preached the game a deluded man? If we are to credit these new assailants of the game, then President Taft and President Wilson have been pitifully deceived, and their predecessor in office is vindicated who said contemptuously: "Golf is no game for a full-grown man!" It will be hard to give up fondly cherished beliefs, but neurasthenia is mighty and will prevail. We are to conclude, then, that all the rosy accounts of having discovered the fountain of youth on the links are vain imaginings. The whole army of gray-haired golfers who have been boasting of vigor renewed and spirit enlivened by their favorite pastime, are to be classed with the self-deceived cripples who throw away their crutches at Lourdes or Ste. Anne de Beaupré. In reality, though they have known it not, they have been rashly exposing themselves to nervous strain, egomania, and melancholia.

It looks like a desperate case, but a little consolation and possibly hope may be left the golfer who has come to forty year—and further—if he will stop and do a little discriminating. He will notice that the nervously wrecked player of the *English Review* holds to the intense and somewhat old-fashioned view of the way in which alone success is to be had at the game. This was the theory of tremendous concentration. You were to stand over your ball the world forgetting by the world forgot. Every thought, desire, and even instinct was to be shut out of your consciousness, except the one fell determination to remember all the rules and to hit that stroke perfectly. That way, it must be admitted, madness has often seemed to lie. Egocentrics of that sort yielding to melancholy have been seen on every links. But a new school of golf-teachers has risen. Their motto is relax. Instead of the old terrible gripping of your club and yourself, you are to cultivate a care-free air, to act upon the rules rather than ceaselessly repeat them to yourself, and to be calm and blithe instead of absorbed and intense. We do not allege that the children of this theory justify its wisdom any better than those of the older, but they have a much more comfortable time endeavoring to live up to it, and are certainly not in the way of becoming neurasthenic.

Another thing. This alarmist of the *English Review* is plainly a low-handicap man. Though getting on in years, he is evidently one who is bitterly disappointed if he cannot give his son three bisques and beat him. Of such a player we can well believe that failure to improve his game would plunge him into gloomy depression. If his handicap were one higher this year than last, he would think that the end of all things was at hand. For him golf is not a recreation, a diversion, a pretty device for cheating yourself into a five-mile walk in the open air, but the serious business of life. Not to succeed brilliantly in it is to write yourself down a miserable makeshift of a man.

But not such, we are glad to say, is the animating motive of the increasing numbers of middle-aged golfers. They like to play well, but if they must play ill, never mind: they play, and that is enough for them. There is always a glorious shot or two in the round to look back upon with joy. The eighteen holes may be done in shockingly high figures, but anyhow there was the wonderful eleventh miraculously made in one under par. Then there are the mischances and the freaks of the round; the "hard-luck" stories to tell, and the miraculous pieces of good luck so easily translated into terms of exceptional skill. And as for their handicaps, these light-hearted old men are unblushing in making them as high as possible. All the better chance that they may some day win something in a medal-score competition. To the new golfing gospel of relaxation, these veterans of the links take eagerly. Some of them carry their relaxed attention so far that they don't notice how many strokes they have made! But they are no prey to neurasthenia. Let the occasional nervously broken-down golfer say what he will, and let the medical faculty find new names and causes for what it does not understand, a great cloud of witnesses will hold them in derision. Golf bad for the nerves? What game do you play, the enthusiasts will demand, that gives you the nerve to utter such nonsense?

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Chronicle of the War

The curious report, published simultaneously on Tuesday from Amsterdam and Paris, that Gen. von Moltke has been superseded as Chief of the German General Staff by Major-Gen. von Voights-Rhetz has not, as we write, been confirmed. It must be regarded with considerable suspicion, but, if true, it is an interesting piece of intelligence which may be interpreted according to the hopes and fears of those who read it. On the face of it, as English military critics have not been slow to point out, it would appear an extremely dangerous experiment to "swap horses in the middle of the stream," and in the English view there looms up immediately the sinister figure of the Kaiser with his detestation of Britain and a crazy desire for vengeance on perfidious Albion. According to this view the explanation of the change in leadership is ingenuously simple: the Kaiser has been anxious to invade England forthwith, and von Moltke, having resisted his imperial master's plans, and not having been overwhelmingly successful with his own, is in disgrace. The improbability of such an explanation is apparent. It is not necessary to regard the Kaiser as a heaven-sent strategist—which there is every indication that he is not—to give him credit for the possession of rather more intelligence than to consider seriously the withdrawal of a number of troops from France, where they are already sorely pressed, in order to dispatch them on an enterprise which baffled even Napoleon at the height of his success.

The whole progress of the battle of the Aisne, now in its fourth week, has tended to confirm the impression, early expressed in these columns, that this war will be a long one. The battle of the Aisne has resolved itself, as did the battle of Mukden in the Russo-Japanese war, into a siege of intrenched positions, and future battles are likely to follow this precedent. If the Allies are ultimately successful in the present battle, their success is likely only to repeat that on the Marne. When the time comes, the German forces may be expected to retreat, defeated, but unbroken, to a previously selected line on the Belgian frontier, at least as strong as their present position, and, still assuming the gradual progress of the Allies, the heart-breaking period of the struggle will come as the Germans are gradually forced back on their own frontier defences. We have stated before that the decisive episodes in a campaign are the capture of large bodies of troops, but it becomes increasingly evident that on the huge scale on which modern battles are fought a Metz or a Sedan is not to be looked for, and that victory is to be decided rather by a weary process of attrition. That the Allies will ever fight their way to Berlin from the west seems even more improbable than that the Germans will now fight their way back to Paris. Even if the Russian offensive could be supposed as remaining stationary, the point of exhaustion must be reached long before Berlin is in sight. But Berlin is the objective of the Russians, and the task of the Allies is to continue to keep a huge army engaged in the west, while their allies on the east are slowly forging ahead towards the capital.

The developments in the situation in the western area of conflict that call for comment are the determined German attack on Antwerp and the extension of the Allies' left in a northerly direction towards the Belgian frontier. It now seems evident that these are not to be regarded as isolated operations, but are to be considered in their relation to one another. When we wrote last week the extreme northerly point of the French flanking movement was some ten miles north of the Somme River in the neighborhood of Albert and Combles. As we write now there is reason to suppose that the line has been advanced to a point between Arras and Lille —a distance of some forty miles. The German forces, however, have kept pace with those of the Allies; the army of Gen. von Kluck is apparently in less danger of being outflanked than was the case a week ago; the most desperate attempts of the Allies to cut the German lines of communications into Belgium have so far been repulsed. Meanwhile, at the bend of the allied line, around Roye and Noyon, dispatches from Paris and Berlin on Monday agreed that ground had been given. That need imply no reverse to the allied forces. Obviously, as the line stretches out, it must become attenuated, and sudden attacks at different points by superior numbers (and the Germans, forming the inner circle, have the advantage in rapid concentration of reinforcements) necessitate a retreat on prepared defences until counter-reinforcements can be brought up. The line bends, but does not break.

Lille is close to the Belgian frontier and but eighty miles from Antwerp, and, bearing that in mind, the suggestion immediately offers itself that the allied movement which started as a flanking operation designed to envelop the German right has now developed into a deliberate attempt to join hands with the Belgian army in Antwerp. Then the sudden German determination to effect the capture of Antwerp and the rapid advance northward of the Allies are mutually explanatory. Confirmation is lent to this supposition by dispatches on Monday which revealed the fact that British artillery is co-operating with the Belgians in the defence of Antwerp. The advantage to the Allies of effecting a juncture with the Belgian army is evident, if that can be carried out without seriously weakening their line elsewhere. An army of 100,000 men (the figure at which we may safely estimate the present Belgian forces) acting as an isolated unit may be useful in harrying the enemy's lines of communication and keeping troops engaged that could advantageously be employed elsewhere, but evidently, acting on the left wing of the allied forces as an integral part of the whole army, its usefulness would be doubled. It would mean the reinforcement of the allied troops by the equivalent of between two and three army corps.

Another competitor, then, has entered the race of which we spoke last week as in progress between the attack of the German left-centre on the Verdun-Toul line of fortifications and the flanking movement of the allied left. The object of the Germans now appears to be to take Antwerp (when the majority of its defenders would probably be compelled to cross the Scheldt into Holland, where they would be interned) before the Allies, penetrating to Mons and Brussels, can relieve the pressure on Antwerp and liberate the Belgian army. The prospect of German success appears to be doubtful. In spite of Belgian denials, we may accept the official statements from Berlin that the forts of Lierre, Waelhem, and Koningschoyckt have fallen before the redoubtable siege guns mounted on their concrete bases, and the Belgian statement that the defending forces occupy a strong line between the Rupel and the Nethe lends confirmation to the German assertion; but before those same guns can be utilized to batter down the inner circle of forts they must be moved across marshy ground, and bases of reinforced concrete must be prepared for them. Furthermore, although previous theories as to the impregnability of fortifications have been somewhat upset by the Krupp siege guns, the experience of this war has demonstrated the strength of intrenched positions capably defended. If, furthermore, as seems a probable conjecture, the defences of Antwerp have been reinforced by British naval guns the task of the Germans should not prove an easy one.

In the eastern field of operations the Russian strategical plan, which appears to have been singularly deliberate and well considered, is gradually maturing. The original demonstration in East Prussia at the beginning of the war, which served its purpose admirably in drawing off troops from the west, has resulted after severe fighting in leaving the situation pretty much as it was six weeks ago. The counter-demonstration, which swept the Russian forces from East Prussia, and carried the army of Gen. von Hindenburg into Poland, had its culmination in the week-long battle of the Niemen. Here, although dispatches from Petrograd have not always in the past proved to be credible, and although on Tuesday Berlin put forth an assertion of sweeping success at Augustowo, there appears to be no doubt that the Russian forces gained a decisive victory. There is no reason to discredit the success at Augustowo, but it seems to have been a rear-guard action, forming only part of the battle as a general result of which Gen. von Hindenburg's army was defeated. The probability is, therefore, that the German forces in this field have retired from the Niemen to a fortified line on the frontier.

In Galicia nothing of great importance has occurred during the past week. We may place the Russian centre as near Tarnow, its left skirmishing in the Carpathians, its right running from Tarnow northwest across the Vistula into Poland. The Austro-German forces are concentrated before Cracow, and here we may shortly expect what may prove to be one of the decisive battles of the war. Meanwhile, we hear for the first time of the great central Russian army which, it was assumed at the beginning of the war, would undertake the main invasion of Germany by way of Posen. This army is apparently advancing on the Posen-Kaliscz line, and between it and the German frontier, judging from a mysterious dispatch in which Petrograd casually speaks of "the present fighting near Warsaw," we must assume the presence of that German army which, according to an official announcement from Berlin a month ago, had occupied Lodz, and thereafter vanished from human ken.

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Foreign Correspondence

A TRIO OF GREAT SPEECHES—IRELAND AND SOUTH AFRICA—SONG IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, September 26.

At a time when England, civil, naval, and military, is splendidly facing peril unparalleled since the day of Napoleon, it is a crowning advantage that we have at the head of affairs men who by natural gifts of oratory can give adequate expression to the national feeling. In the front rank stand three of varied style, each marked by strong personality. The speech of Sir Edward Grey, delivered in the House of Commons on the eve of the declaration of war, was epoch-making. Since Crimean days this country has never embarked on a warlike expedition without creating a more or less powerful opposition. Sir Edward Grey's speech, promptly followed by publication of the White Paper containing diplomatic conversation and correspondence with the Kaiser's agents, not only united the British and Irish people as one man, but enlisted the sympathy and approval of neutrals in both hemispheres.

Mr. Asquith's speech, delivered in the historic Guildhall, through which Pitt's trumpet-call still echoes, carried matters a long step further. When he spoke, war had been fiercely raging for some weeks. "The Angel of Death was abroad in the land." There had been a series of disappointments, deepening to grave anxiety at the slow but steady retreat of the Allied forces, driven back by the German horde elate on the familiar road to Paris. The Prime Minister's speech, invincible in spirit, lofty in eloquence, struck the right note at a critical moment. It lifted up the heart of the people to a pitch from which it has not since shown sign of falling.

Then comes Mr. Lloyd George, facing an enthusiastic crowd in the vastness of Queen's Hall, with a speech differing in style and texture from the other two, but worthy of the proud championship. Its burning eloquence, its flaming indignation against the resuscitation of vandalism and barbarity, its withering scorn of the man responsible for these woful things, who daily "takes by the arm the shuddering Lord of Hosts," roused afresh the enthusiasm of the people and deepened the determination to make an end of the Kaiser and all his works. Tennyson wrote a verse extolling the singer. It is easily adaptable and equally appropriate to the orator:

> And here the speaker for his Art
> Not all in vain may plead.
> The Speech that nerves the Nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed.

The spontaneous singing of "God Save the King" in the House of Commons on the eve of prorogation is one of those incidents that attract perhaps excessive attention on the part of the public. Another incident following a few minutes later was of supremer interest. As the House was breaking up a voice from the Liberal benches cried, "God Save Ireland!" In the deep voice of the Irish Nationalist leader came back in swift response, "God Save England!" A little thing, but how much it means! Ten years ago it would have been impossible. Even twelve months ago the fervent utterance would have been almost as much as Mr. Redmond's position in Ireland was worth. But he had on this day just returned from the House of Lords, where he had witnessed the enactment of the Home Rule bill, conclusion of a fight that goes back forty years, when—the happy phrase "Home Rule" has just been invented by way of distinction from Separation—Isaac Butt opened the campaign. That its finish should be coincidental with the peril of Great Britain making opportunity for armed Ireland to come to her sister's aid is one of the striking events of history.

It is one of two splendid results of the policy inaugurated upon the downfall of the Balfour Ministry in 1905. One affected South Africa, the other Ireland. I have vivid recollection of seeing Mr. Balfour standing at the table of the House of Commons nervously wringing his hands, almost literally washing them of participation in, or responsibility for, Campbell-Bannerman's proclaimed resolution to admit the Boers to a full share of the government of their country. As to Home Rule for Ireland, bitter animosity towards it found final issue in attempt to utilize the war with Germany as an expedient for indefinitely shelving the bill even as it stood awaiting enactment. Among the cards in his hand upon which the Kaiser confidently counted in playing the game that to-day desolates the fair fields of France and the once prosperous cities and towns of Belgium, was revolt in Ireland, and an attempt on the part of the Boers to regain their independence. In South Africa, as in Ireland, it has been found possible to withdraw the British garrisons, England's ancient enemies undertaking to answer for safety and order. It is a pity that C.-B. did not live long enough to see this fruition of his bold and generous statesmanship on either side of the Equator.

Precedent to the prorogation, the only other time I have heard the voice of song break forth in the House of Commons dates back thirteen years. The circumstances strikingly indicate all that has happened in the interval. The Unionist party was in power, Mr. Balfour and his colleagues in office. The Irish members, recognizing that they were as far off as ever from realization of their dream of Home Rule, lapsed into their familiar tactics of obstruction. Late on a night in the spring of the session 1901, the Education Vote was dealt with, the Irish members attacking it on innumerable details. Obstruction carried to its furthest limit, the chairman ordered the House to be cleared in preparation for a division. The Irish members refused to budge from their seats. To-day, by operation of a new standing order, members not desiring to take part in a division may, if they please, retain their seats. A dozen years ago such procedure was a gross breach of order.

The Speaker (Mr. Gully) was sent for, and on taking the chair repeated the chairman of committee's direction to clear the House. The Irish members being unyielding, the police were summoned, and under the direction of the sergeant-at-arms led the recalcitrant members forth. The main body went quietly enough. Mr. Flavin, firmly clasping the rail of the bench, declined to go. The police accordingly literally "took him up," and carried him forth shoulder high, he in stentorian voice chanting the refrain of the national battlesong, "God Save Ireland." On Friday Mr. Flavin's voice was plainly heard, doubtless for the first time in his life, singing "God Save the King."

A French Kipling

By J. W. CUNLIFFE.

THE WORK OF PIERRE MILLE, WHOSE BARNAVAUX IS FIRST COUSIN TO MULVANEY.

M. Pierre Mille has so often expressed his admiration for Kipling and acknowledged his indebtedness to him that he would probably take the above heading as a compliment, though it is far from an adequate description of his qualities. One cannot imagine Rudyard Kipling as a Frenchman, and it may be premised at once that Pierre Mille is something more (and less) than his first inspiration and model. Nowadays he writes sometimes like Kipling, and sometimes like Anatole France; into the gulf between these two one could drop most of the living writers of prose who are worth reading.

I.

As Pierre Mille, in spite of his enormous popularity in France, is little known outside of his own country, a few particulars of his career may be of interest. Born at Choisy-le-Roi in 1865, young Mille plunged into journalism, and was sent by the *Journal des Débats* as its correspondent to the Greco-Turkish War of 1897. His dispatches, and some articles he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, attracted attention, and formed the basis for his first book, "De Thessalie en Crète" (1898). He had already made his journalistic début in the French colonies at Madagascar in 1896, and he afterwards visited Senegal and the Congo. His descriptive sketch, "Au Congo Belge" (1899) was "crowned" by the Academy, and was followed by two other books on the Congo question, which was already exciting a great deal of public interest. But it was not till 1905 that he established his reputation as a story-teller in the volume, "Sur la Vaste Terre." The very title seems to smack of Kipling, whose name figures at the head of one of the stories, and whose influence is plainly discernible in others. The hero of the book, Barnavaux, is first cousin to Terence Mulvaney; an outline of "Barnavaux, Général" will be enough to make the relationship clear. The story is told by Barnavaux, a marine serving in Madagascar, to a friend of higher social station (apparently a war correspondent) in the interval of some military operations. Barnavaux and his comrade, Razowski, were the sole garrison of the outpost of Vouhilène, and Razo fell ill from homesickness and reading the books of the Protestant missionary Stewart—the doctor called it tropical anæmia. Sister Ludine, of the Catholic dispensary, tried to cheer him up and save his soul, but he said he was a free-thinker and would die like a man. Rakoutoumangue, the old chief whom Barnavaux had supplanted, came on a pretext to spy out the land, and found as "Commander of the garrison, chief of staff, colonel, captain, lieutenant, artillery, cavalry, infantry—Barnavaux. The rest of the garrison—in

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hospital." A few days later, the insurgents were heard attacking Stewart in his school. Barnavaux took his rifle to go to the rescue. Razo tried to get up, but could not lift his head from the pillow. Then Sister Ludine took up Razo's rifle, and said to Barnavaux, "I am coming with you"—the idea that the poor little children would be burnt to death in the school filled her with horror and turned her head. "But I could not see Sister Ludine transformed into a heroic warrior—it would be ridiculous," recounted Barnavaux, who may now be allowed to tell his own story:

"Do not dishonor your cap," I said to her. "People don't bear arms in that costume. What we need is the prestige of the uniform. The outpost defended by a woman—it is the best way to show that all is lost."

"Do you think so? Well, it won't take long."

She undid Razo's bundle, took out a pair of trousers and a tunic, and ran without another word into the kitchen, which was a little hut at the other end of the terrace.

Three minutes later she came back dressed as a marine—yes, a marine in full uniform, which did not embarrass her in the least—she was so excited. Her little old woman's body made her look like a child, except for her face, which was haggard, wrinkled, shrivelled—but all shining with enthusiasm. Razo choked with emotion and I did not think of laughing or of protesting—I had tears in my eyes. I said:

"Sister Ludine, you are out of your mind. Sister Ludine, I love you with all my heart. By all the powers, go and crack their heads."

At that moment I could have destroyed an army of a hundred thousand men all alone. Everything seemed to me cheerful, touching, easy, and sublime. It was not air I had in my lungs, but a kind of clear flame that ran hot in my blood. I was mad, I was happy, I was beyond myself. I wished to break out into exclamations, into songs, into all kinds of foolishness for my own pleasure—for a joke. I am telling you exactly how I felt.

Things were pressing. Five or six houses were already on fire. Three or four corpses already stained the reddened soil. The insurgents were blazing away their ammunition, perhaps to show that they had plenty of it. Their yells, from afar, sounded like a litany in church—rising, swelling, falling, beginning again. The door of the school was shut, and Stewart was firing through a loophole; this solitary sound from the defence, thin and, as it were, trembling, froze me to the soul. It was five o'clock, and the setting sun cast long rays across the rice fields, which separated the outpost from the village. A rice field is a river in which there is mud instead of water, and green shoots above the mud. You can only cross it by the dikes.

I said to Sister Ludine:

"We must produce a grandiose and unexpected effect. You are the second division of the army. Go down behind the outpost, turn to the right, and cross the rice field by the third dike. Don't weaken your formation by delay on the march; you might lose stragglers! Once you are on the dike, the enemy will see you; then fire. By all the saints of Paradise, don't trouble to aim, but fire all the cartridges in the magazine, recharge, and begin again. Your business is to make plenty of noise—that's all."

The sister laughed heartily.

"That's what I'm here for," she said. "But how do you do it?"

She held out her Lebel rifle with the look of a nigger who has received a money order and does not know what to do with it.

"Ah, just so," I replied.

I showed her the mechanism of the dear little thing. She understood it at once.

"Comme ça, et puis comme ça, et puis comme ça? C'est bon. Au revoir."

And she was going off when I recalled her with a shout:

"I've forgotten to tell you the direction in which you're to march."

"Holy Virgin!" she answered. "It's the school. You've no need to tell me that."

I never saw more conscientious work. She marched, fired all the balls from the magazine, made a few steps, stopped to recharge, began again—and did in every way just as I did, for I was advancing on my dike like a veritable Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcole.

It is over a mile from the outpost of Vouhilène to the village; but we had opened fire all the same. The brutes who were attacking the school turned round in astonishment. They all believed—because they had been told so—that there was only one Frenchman on his feet at Vouhilène, and that he would not be mad enough to leave the outpost. My insolence impressed them, and the parallel demonstration of Sister Ludine was a surprise. The insurgents of Emyrne were poor devils who were dying of hunger; what gave them courage was the assurance that no one in the village would offer resistance—neither the guards of the outpost nor the inhabitants. But here was the garrison making a sortie.

The fever-stricken Razo completed the rout of the insurgents by letting off, from the top of the outpost, the fireworks intended for the 14th of July; and Rakoutoumangue, who had instigated the attack, when he saw the rebels giving way, came and helped to slaughter them. They tried to take refuge in the school, and the missionary, after imploring them to go away, killed one by throwing a block of granite on his head. His consternation at having "killed a man" recalls a similar incident in Kipling, though the circumstances are entirely different. "Well," said Sister Ludine, "I can take an oath that I have not killed anybody." "And it was absolutely true," Barnavaux comments. "If any one can boast to-day that she never hurt a hair of her neighbor's head, it is that old saint—which proves the importance of moral strength, as the newspapers say."

In the upshot, the part played by Stewart and Sister Ludine in crushing the insurrection was suppressed in the official report, and most of the credit given to Rakoutoumangue, who was in consequence restored by the French Government to his position as chief. Barnavaux was promoted to corporal. His interlocutor remarked that he no longer wore the stripes:

He blew away a cloud of smoke and replied: "The air of big cities is not good for me. Three months after the victory, I was recalled to Tananarivo, and there I was reduced to the ranks for unbecoming conduct. But that is another story."

II.

"Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes" (1908) continues the exploits of the soldier-hero in Madagascar, in the Sahara, on the Congo, in Tonkin; and the last story is dedicated to Rudyard Kipling, who wrote *the Finest Story in the World.* But apparently the author tired of this vein (though the public did not), and the stories that followed were turned in another direction. "Caillou et Tili" (1911) is an attempt to explain to adults the point of view of a little boy and a little girl. This difficult task is accomplished with much delicacy and subtlety, and with many profound observations of childish nature, of which the following may serve as examples:

Never tell stories before children of things that have happened to them; if they are inclined to vanity and affectation, you will make little mimics of them; if they are proud, delicate, and sensitive of soul, you will wound their susceptibilities. For in spite of all your efforts you will never tell the story as they have felt it; you are too different from them, and you will not do them justice. So they will think that you are making fun of their vexations and anxieties, that you do not take seriously either their personality—and there is no human being more solitary and therefore more proud than a child—or the universe they are constructing in mosaic—by sensations added one to the other—luminous fragments of things, precious gems they are perpetually amassing. . . .

Never quote children's sayings in their presence; if you yield to this inclination, they will quickly come to stringing phrases together at random, in the hope of exciting surprise and admiration.

These are perhaps counsels of perfection, but if parents would give heed to them, they would save their friends some unhappy hours and their children real suffering. Caillou and Tili are, of course, French children, and much that occurs to them would be strange to American youngsters; but there is no doubt of the insight and skill with which the author has revealed some of the secrets of the nursery, of universal interest and significance.

In his next book, "Louise et Barnavaux" (1912), Mille returned to the hero who had first won him fame, and had not ceased to be popular. In this volume we see Barnavaux attempting to settle down; he does not go so far as marriage, but he enters into a *union libre* with a respectable working girl, Louise, whose character is drawn with charming sympathy. The result is disastrous for Barnavaux; after making all kinds of good resolutions, he is sent to prison for four days because he has obtained leave to attend the funeral of his son, whose paternity he had not officially acknowledged. Barnavaux gives up Louise, and returns to his old habits and adventures.

Mille's last book, "Paraboles et Diversions" (1913), is again different from his previous work. The "Paraboles" are fresh versions of Scripture story, somewhat in the manner of Anatole France, but without his biting and malicious irony. Mille's hu-

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mor is more gentle and sympathetic, and though readers brought up in the traditions of English Protestantism may find the atmosphere irreverent, the Latin peoples, accustomed to treating sacred personages with a certain affectionate familiarity, will see no cause of offence. The story of Creation is told so as to give more play for the part of Satan, who is identified with the first critic; Noah yields half of his honors to Deucalion; the birth and childhood of Jesus are treated with a delicate humor which has, rightly regarded, no touch of mockery. The legends of Œdipus and Don Juan are dealt with in the same spirit—the latter from the point of view taken by Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman." The next division of the volume, "Quelques Bêtes et Gens," again reminds one of Anatole France, though the latter was, of course, not the first to enforce the warning against anthropomorphism by reminding us that the lower animals have a different point of view. It was an old Greek who said, "If the oxen made a god, they would make him in the likeness of an ox," and Mille's "Diary of a Fat Ox" is conceived in a delicious spirit of humorous gravity which is wholly original:

I am the Fat Ox. There is no more magnificent title. There is none more assured. I despise the other sovereigns. To what does William II, Emperor of Germany, owe his throne? To the fact that Frederic II, the only great man of the family, had no more children than I have. He reigns by virtue of the chances of a collateral succession. And the President of the Republic? He presides by virtue of the chances of a contested election. And for all the others, it is the same thing: inheritance, chance, lottery. But I—I have been weighed! And I weighed more than all the other oxen. I am the ox of oxen; no one can deny it. I have been elected by science and truth. Science and truth march with me—nothing can stop them; I shall go, with them, to the slaughter-house.

For I know that I shall go to the slaughter-house. That is what constitutes the superiority of oxen over man; we know how we shall die and what end our death will serve; to feed men. But what end is served by men who die? None at all. That is why they are accompanied to the tomb with melancholy hymns, black costumes, ugly withered flowers, and priests who are hidden in carts made like catafalques. My priests were fragrant with wine, like Silenus. They were clad in white, purple, and amaranth. Bacchantes accompanied them. Delirious trumpets sounded on my way. Men dressed like beasts danced before the beast I am. And they will slay me like a god.

The Fat Ox then tells of his birth and early education:

I was taught to ruminate. It is a real science. You must ruminate stretched on the ground, slowly, gently, with the lower teeth, and think only of ruminating. When you know how to ruminate, you know the foundation of things, you are happy, nothing can distress you. The moment comes when I shall die; but I am ruminating. That is why bulls are mad. They pass their time in running about, they attack terriers who ought to be respected, they ruminate ill. So they stay lean; they will never be fat oxen. I cannot conceive why they exist.

Every fortnight I was weighed in a great machine, and each weighing was a triumph. I became huge, fat, powerful, placid, and pacific like the earth, and of a white color lightly tinged with rose, like a plum blossom. When I was put to the plough, I accepted this gymnastic exercise without complaint, knowing that it would make my flesh firmer. I was rewarded by my victory at the Agricultural Show, where the Prefect himself paid homage to me.

I understood, from the speech of this high official, why I had lived. My existence and embonpoint glorified the Republic. Never, under the Empire, was there an ox like me; for oxen could not grow becomingly fat under the régime of tyranny. The Radical-Socialist Deputy made it known, in a very long address, that the protection he had always accorded to the ward in which I was born was not unconnected with the brilliance of my hide and the richness of my flanks. Then the trumpets played the Marseillaise, the Clairons de Sidi-Brahim, and the Internationale. Tired out, I sank to rest in my own dung. They put a crown of roses on my head, and I concluded that I had done all that was expected of me.

. . . . . .

Now I know that I shall die. It matters little—I have lived my life. My name will resound for the last time in a dark corridor, acclaimed by vigorous and sanguinary young men armed with heavy axes of steel. But even my corpse will be glorious. The butcher who bought me will decorate it for the last time with paper roses, after removing my hide. And the nations will defile before my gigantic body before it is cut in pieces. This is the lot of gods and of kings.

III.

The next story, "Jimmy and Wilkie," has a larger element of pathos. The heroes are two coal-mine ponies who are brought to the upper air because of a strike; their sensations on seeing the light of day, the meadows, the flowers, the birds, are described with the subtlest sympathy. The other stories and sketches are lighter in tone and of less permanent and universal appeal. Most of them hit off little peculiarities of French life, such as the anglers on the banks of the Seine, who are a perennial source of wonder to American visitors. The story of the restoration of the Mona Lisa to the Louvre is at the expense of the experts, as the "Courte Conversation avec un Grand Peintre" is at the expense of the latest fads in art, the "Great Painter" being no other than the donkey who with his tail painted a picture which was exhibited in one of the Paris salons, and was much admired—until its origin was made known. American readers will be interested in the story of the theoretical anarchist, Paul-Louis Durand, who was a passenger on the Titanic:

When Paul-Louis saw they were getting out the life-boats, he made haste. A young officer, correct and cool, in full uniform—it is worth while to dress well for death, it gives courage and generosity, the soul adjusts itself to the body—took him by the collar of his ulster, and said sharply:

"What are you doing?"

"You see for yourself," said Paul-Louis. "I am going to get into the boat."

"Women and children first," answered the officer. "Besides, I may tell you that there will only be room for them. There are not enough life-boats."

Durand's principles obliged him to consider his own life as more precious than those of all the rest of the world. He tried to free himself, and felt a revolver pressed against his temple. He was an intellectual; he had time to experience something like respect for this man who showed a determination equal to that of the enemies of society. Yet he protested:

"What have the women and children to do with me—and with you? This is no time for politeness."

"It's not politeness," said the officer. "I suppose—well, I suppose it is because children—children are the future—and women the possibility of replacing us. But—go to hell, sir. I've no time to talk."

As Paul-Louis Durand was asking himself with some astonishment if in reality there are sometimes interests which exceed those of the individual, the great ship dipped her nose into the dark water like a swan looking for a fish. But she did not raise her head again—ever. And while a fierce lamentation arose from the vessel, swelling and falling like a hymn, Paul-Louis, losing his balance, was thrown into the sea. It was so cold that he said to himself that he could not swim long. But as he had heard of the terrible suction made by a sinking ship, he made efforts to get away. In the cruel darkness that oppressed his eyes like some material, viscous substance, he suddenly felt something solid under his hand. It was a raft, which yielded beneath his feet; but this enabled him to climb on it. It was large and solid. He scrambled to the middle and stood up.

He was saved! But at that instant a mysterious, inexorable, overwhelming fear increased the shuddering of his miserable flesh. He was alone—all alone in the midst of the sea! He could not stay alone; he was more afraid, alone on this wreckage, than a moment before on the steamer among fifteen hundred men facing death with him. The iceberg drifted near, and in its sickly light he saw a man, sustained by a life-belt in the water a few feet away. He called to him:

"Here! Here! Do this with your hands!"

He made the movements of swimming, and almost in a frenzy, on all fours, helped the shipwrecked man to climb on the raft. Others came, and soon there were thirty of them. They were not acquaintances, and yet they were glad to recognize one another. They touched each other gently as if the feeling of comradeship gave them I know not what desperate hope.

Suddenly there was a change. Some one said:

"We can't take any one else. The raft is going down."

Yet from the depths of the darkness they saw other unfortunates coming and crying for help.

"There is no more room," Paul-Louis shouted with the rest. "There is no more room—keep off. This raft is ours. If you come on board, you will sink us."

Of these exiles, thrown back to death, some said with resignation:

"God help you! Good-by!"

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But others tried to climb up. Then instinctively there was a guard, watchmen, leaders, who repulsed them without pity.

"It's ours, this raft. We want to live."

And thus Paul-Louis Durand, anarchist and individual, learned the meaning of patriotism.

IV.

It will be seen that M. Mille has decided opinions. He has not the detachment of Anatole France, to whom he ironically dedicated one of his earlier stories ("L'Aveugle") on the duty of military service. On the other hand, it would be no less a mistake to describe him as an imperialist, if by that we understand an imperialist after the fashion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He has too much irony for that, sees too much of both sides—that of the subjected people as well as that of the white man who is assuming a self-imposed burden. He has not Kipling's sublime confidence in himself and in the divine mission of his race. His is a subtler essence, less powerful, no doubt, but possessing its own delicate charm. Those who have read the passages quoted should find encouragement in them to make acquaintance with the original text; and it is to be wished that some competent translator might put a selection of M. Pierre Mille's work within reach of the English-reading public. They would enjoy it, and profit by it.

News for Bibliophiles

BYRON'S INDEBTEDNESS TO LA FONTAINE.

It is a curious fact that no student or editor should as yet have recognized Byron's indebtedness to the Fables of La Fontaine. It is easy to see that the author of "Don Juan" had at one time or another, or rather at different times, referred to the "Contes." The use made of La Fontaine's tales was usually an indirect and sometimes an unworthy one. So the bonhomme's "Joconde" was pressed into service to justify his own license in the first canto of "Juan" when Hobhouse remonstrated with him at the time that the first instalment of the poem was passing through the press.

Byron doubtless found comfort in La Fontaine's company, for he uses him again as a shield to shelter himself from another charge of grossness in a letter to Murray. That he did not confine himself to the "Joconde" is plain from the fact that he quotes, evidently with the book before him, six verses from "Le Roi Caudaule et le Maître en Droit" in a letter of July 13, 1820, this time to Moore, who was of a temperament better able to appreciate such pleasantries. Byron had evidently been reading the "Contes" during his stay at Ravenna, and, as usually happens, we catch these echoes in his correspondence. These, however, are the only references to the seventeenth-century master which have so far been noted, and no one of them occurs in Byron's poetry and no one of them is to the Fables.

The reference which I am about to cite will, I believe, prove beyond doubt that long before this, probably at the time when he was still struggling against what he was pleased humorously to call the "elements" of French, he had chosen the better part and read the Fables likewise. One of these, "L'Oiseau blessé d'une Flèche," was to provide him with what is probably the most striking and famous figure in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The reference is unquestionable, though it has escaped the vigilance of careful editors. Byron's lines run:

> So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
> Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
> He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
> While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
> Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.
> (II, 841-848.)

These lines were certainly inspired by the sixth Fable of the Second Book:

> Mortellement atteint d'une flèche empennée,
> Un oiseau déplorait sa triste destinée,
> Et disait, en souffrant un surcroît de douleur:
> "Faut-il contribuer à son propre malheur!
> Cruels humains! vous tirez de nos ailes
> De quoi faire voler ces machines mortelles!"

The fable itself was, of course, not original with La Fontaine, having come to him, like so many others, from Æsop. But in this case the matter certainly lost nothing in its further passage from La Fontaine to Byron. It is interesting to note that the bird who speaks in character in La Fontaine has become an eagle, and Byron's lines have acquired a certain *largeur*. His verses soar even if his stricken eagle does not. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had, of course, been suppressed long before Byron left England, but he was probably not altogether displeased when he learned that George Bankes had quoted these splendid lines at the opening of Parliament on January 23, 1821. We suspect that he was quite willing, in spite of his seemingly indignant protest, that all the world "should keep flinging" at least these lines of his poem in his face. They are an enduring monument to Byron's relation with La Fontaine the fabulist.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Princeton, N. J.

Correspondence

LOUVAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would it not be well for the universities of the entire civilized world to adopt the suggestion of Prof. Patrick Geddes and unite in a solemn protest against the destruction by the German troops of the University of Louvain, with its libraries, works of art, and scientific collections? I doubt if any military crime since the burning of the library of Alexandria can be compared to the destruction of this venerable university in its downright wickedness and lack of justification. Certainly no act of an invader since the Thirty Years War has filled a civilized world with a greater feeling of indignation. That this act should have been committed by the soldiers of a country which has so long been regarded as a leader of culture and in whose national life universities have played such a preponderant rôle seems all the more inconceivable. This ancient institution was regarded by the Belgians with somewhat the same feeling of pride as that which the English have for Oxford and Cambridge. It has a distinguished faculty, among whom are some of the best known scholars of Europe. Now it has been wiped out by the "torch of German culture," and can never be replaced.

Viewed in the most charitable light, its destruction was a crime against civilization, and no money indemnity can ever atone for the act. The act, moreover, was committed in flagrant violation of one of the conventions of the second Hague conference, to which Germany is a party, that educational institutions, libraries, works of art, and scientific collections shall be spared from destruction by military forces except where considerations of absolute military necessity require such destruction. No such necessity existed in the case of Louvain, and none was asserted, the only excuse being that the military forces were fired upon by certain civilians among the inhabitants of the town. Even granting that there was sufficient provocation to justify the Germans in punishing the inhabitants of Louvain, the burning of an ancient university with its priceless collections of books, manuscripts, and works of art was a form of revenge wholly without justification and one without precedent. Even the hordes of Attila refrained from such acts.

If the voice of the civilized world is not raised against this outrageous violation of the universally recognized laws and customs of war, the Sorbonne and the Louvre and Oxford and Canterbury may suffer the same fate that has befallen Louvain. Is it not time for the other signatories of the Hague convention regarding the laws and customs of war to protest against so wanton a violation of its provisions? This convention is not a mere scrap of paper to be observed or disregarded by one of the parties as its own military interests may require; it is a solemn agreement among practically all the nations of the world to observe in their military operations certain rules of conduct and to refrain from certain acts in the interest of humanity and the preservation of a common civilization, and no single party to it should be permitted to violate one of its most important provisions—at least not without solemn protest. In the meantime, would it not be well for the universities of America, by appropriate resolutions, to protest in the name of civilization and humanity against the atrocious act by which the world has been deprived of one of its oldest, if not one of its greatest, universities? Such a protest would not be without effect, and it might be the means of saving other universities from Louvain's unhappy fate.

JAMES W. GARNER,
[Professor of Political Science, University of Illinois.]

Oxford, Eng., September 3.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We in Holland have silently accepted the enormous burden which has been flung upon our shoulders by mobilization and the heavy losses to our trade and industry caused by the war. Resolved to guard our neutrality in word and deed at all costs, our people and our press looked on with the utmost self-restraint when the German legions marched up along our frontiers and began devastating the prosperous land of our southern brethren. But at the barbarous work now done at Rheims popular indignation burst forth. Public opinion is alarmed and shocked. It would not have deemed it possible that the most perfect work

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of art of the Middle Ages could have been spared for seven hundred years only to be put to the test of a modern bombardment a year after the opening of Carnegie's Peace Palace and a year before the peace conference should have assembled again. It sounds like a nightmare. There is only one impression—that of horror; there is only one opinion: "This is worse than Louvain."

The press here calls the destruction of the splendid building at Rheims a blow in the face of civilization, observing that the French, who, moreover, saw in the cathedral the monument of their national unity, must now feel what Holland would undergo if a bomb were thrown on the national museum at Amsterdam, with the deliberate purpose of destroying Rembrandt's Nightwatch, the Hobbemas, Ruysdaels, and Steens.

However, so far as I can see, the Germans spared the cathedral as long as they could, and the calamity which now overtakes civilization must be chiefly ascribed to a terrible Fate, which put this pearl of architectural art right in the way of two great rival armies. H. S. M. VAN W. CROMMELIN.

Amsterdam, September 22.

ARGUMENT FROM GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Perhaps by this time the avalanche of lies—I beg pardon, of English fabrications and French misrepresentations—has subsided, and you are getting some truthful intelligence not only regarding German victories, but also as to the spirit and temper of the German people.

Apropos of England's declaration of war, which in my humble opinion was not only a great crime, but a great blunder as well, I should be obliged if you would print some views concerning that country and its people possessing peculiar significance in these dreadful days.

Let us begin with John Ruskin, with these extracts from "The Crown of Wild Olives":

"The first of all English games is making money."

"And take also your English vice—the vice of jealousy which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars."

"This national shame and dastardliness of heart."

And it is Matthew Arnold who says of his countrymen: "An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized."

Heinrich Heine was so bitter a critic of Germany that even to-day his patriotism is not regarded by many as genuine. His comments upon the English character may therefore be looked upon as impartial.

In his "French Affairs" he says: "The English possess much of that brutal energy with which Rome oppressed the world; but they unite to the wolfish greed of the Romans the snake-like cunning of the Carthaginians. Against the former we possess good and even tried weapons, but against the treacherous intrigues of those Punians of the North Sea we are defenceless. And at present England is more dangerous than ever, as its mercantile interests are declining. In all creation there's no such hard-hearted creature as a trader whose business is stagnating, whose customers are deserting him, and whose goods no longer find purchasers."

And in the "Book Le Grand" he exclaims: "Britannia, to thee belongs the ocean! But the sea does not contain sufficient water to wash away thy shame. . . . But once upon a time this song will be heard across the Channel, and Britain will cease to exist, and hurled to the ground will be the proud nation, Westminster's graves will be destroyed, and forgotten the royal dust which they enclosed."

I might add in this connection the more recent opinions of Haeckel, Morley, Eucken, Wundt, Trevelyan, but that would be an unreasonable demand upon your space. However, you will not deny that we poor deluded "German sympathizers" find ourselves in mighty good company. JACQUES MAYER.

Munich, September 13.

THE DOWNFALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What does the present European war mean to us Orientals? It means the saddest downfall of the so-called Western civilization; our belief that it was builded on a higher and sounder footing than ours was at once knocked down and killed; we are sorry that we somehow overestimated its happy possibility, and were deceived and cheated by its superficial glory. We now see that it was merely a mirage or optical illusion of a thing which, in its truest sense, never existed; or if it ever existed, it was simply a changed form or crafty masquerading of an avaricious instinct of primitive barbarism. The Western people, with all sorts of colleges and institutions in their most advanced order, are, after all, like their naked friends in far-away Asia or Africa, as it proves now, only a hungry piece of flesh, who, to use a Japanese saying, has just three more hairs than a monkey; certainly we inhuman beings (who says human beings?) were made, not by the sure intentions, but by the caprice of God. How can you believe, when you see them throwing a cannon ball, trampling on the killed people, that they are the human beings who could love trees and birds, and say, as Browning once said:

> God's in His Heaven—
> All's right with the world?

During the last forty long years, the Western poets, preachers, and philosophers have been singing and writing on the general peace and brotherhood, and every church striking its holy bell on every Sunday and Christmas Eve, whose heavenly music was, to use Robert Bridges's graceful lines,

> Angels' song comforting as the comfort of Christ
> When he spake tenderly to his sorrowful flock.

And what is the result of their forty years' toil? We see only the rivers colored by blood, and a huge mountain made in a single night with human corpses. Where's the peace and brotherhood dreamed by their innocent minds? Who can deny when I say that the Western people, when they are so strong and savage, are the sure believers in Machiavellism? When they preached peace, it was only at the time when they could not practice that barbarous policy; those forty years of peace were only a sort of truce. It was never a peace for peace's sake, but the time of preparation or suspension of hostilities in the interim from one war to another.

We Japanese fought two wars in the last twenty years in the East; and we were given the unwelcome name of warlike nation, and often placed, as a result, in many international difficulties. We have been looked upon as a dangerous element, particularly by the Americans, who sent us peace envoys on several occasions; it was their stupidity not to think that their own West, as I said before, with all sorts of advanced colleges and institutions, was still more dangerous than the East where Confucius's analects are not a dead language. Confucius's teaching is that we should recompense injury with justice, kindness with kindness; and his doctrine is, the book says, to be true to the principles of our nature and the benevolent exercise of them to others. Even when we, as a people or nation, could not strictly observe his teaching, we believe that we never acted aggressively. It was the German Emperor who drew a picture calling us Yellow Peril, when we won a fight from China; if we had been a yellow peril, as he said, it meant only against the white race of the West. But what that German Emperor is doing now is, certainly, a mighty peril against all the humanities of the whole world. We have a proverb saying that what the superior person loves would be loved more by the inferior people; what result will come from the example shown by the so-called most advanced first-class nation or nations of the West? What would happen if many second-rate or third-rate countries in Asia or anywhere else might imitate the Western example? The present downfall of the Western civilization means more than you and I suppose. It is not too much to say that the present European war is the beginning of the dark age of the whole world. We Orientals will insist in future not to believe whatever high philosophy on love or peace or humanity the Western scholars and theologians might write. We Japanese are glad at least to have a country in a far-away East, not in the West. I have been losing for some long while my own respect towards the West and her own civilization.

My recent Western journey, which was concluded only a few weeks ago, confirmed me that the so-called dynamic European civilization was all against the Asiatic belief, that is to say, Confucius's teaching that we "should have no foregone conclusion, no arbitrary predeterminations, no obstinacy, and no egoism." Confucius says: "He who aims to be a man of complete virtue, in his food does not seek to gratify his appetite, nor in his dwelling-place does he seek the appliances of ease; he is earnest in what he is doing, and careful in his speech; he frequents the company of men of principle that he may be rectified." When I knew that the Western civilization was more or less founded on individualism and often egoism and self-satisfaction, I thought that the social community of the West was less harmonious and loving; and when one does not respect the others, there will be only one thing to come, that is fight, in action or silence. I have seen enough proof that the Western life was not a kind to lead one to soul's content and peacefulness, but always to disturbance and pain. Having much dissatisfaction with the Western life, I returned to a country whose immediate, most important determination should be a refusal to the Western invasion; I believe I know too much to be surprised by the present European war. YONE NOGUCHI.

Keio University, Tokio, September 7.

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THE RIGHT OF EMINENT DOMAIN AMONG NATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After the roar of the cannon is over, the toll counted and paid, and history has fixed the responsibility for the wars of the twentieth century, perhaps one fact will have become plain to a majority of the people who inhabit this planet, viz., that there can be no permanent peace until the right of eminent domain shall have become recognized among nations.

In other words, nations must be willing to submit, as do individuals, to the doctrine of the greatest good for the greatest number. For just as the individual land-owner must be prepared to surrender his ownership when his property stands in the path of a new highway or railway, or is wanted by the community for a park or a playground, so must nations adapt themselves to the needs of nations whenever changes are demanded which injure few and benefit many.

When the right of eminent domain shall have become recognized among nations, the world will produce some legislative machinery acting under the authority of all nations. This body will have power to permit one nation to take territory from another when shown that the largeness of the necessity demands that it should be taken, and to fix the limitations under which it may be taken and developed.

Acting under such a decree, it ought not to be difficult for our friends at The Hague to determine how much one nation should pay to another for the damage it has done, and to enforce the laws of eminent domain in a manner that is equitable.

John Alden Lee.

Cohasset, Mass., September 24.

THE BACK-DOOR TO LITERARY FAME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At not infrequent intervals printers are wont to pause in conversation to remind one, not without conscious pride, that many of the leading names in American literature are closely connected with the history of "the art preservative." The roll of American authors who first sought success as compositors is so long, and the names on it are so bright, as to suggest that a logical preparation for literary work be an apprenticeship of a few years at the type-case.

Though no attempt is made to supply a complete list, Benjamin Franklin, Bayard Taylor, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, Henry George, Lafcadio Hearn, William Dean Howells, and Joel Chandler Harris may be mentioned as being especially prominent among the graduates of the composing-room. Edgar Allan Poe, Opie Read, O. Henry, Bill Nye, and others, if not compositors, certainly were initiated into some of the intricacies of the craft—certain passages from their works indicate as much.

That so many men have been able to advance themselves from the lowly print-shop to the heights of literary success is to be accounted for by facts which are easily discoverable. One of these is introduced by Mark Twain's biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, who, describing Clemens's early experience in the printing office of the Hannibal *Courier*, says: "He cared little for reading, himself, beyond a few exciting fairy tales, though the putting into type of a good deal of miscellaneous matter had beyond doubt developed in him a taste for general knowledge." It is certainly true that the continuous and careful reading required of a compositor (especially is this true in a newspaper office) tends to awaken his interest in a great variety of subjects. Everything in print has been read carefully by at least one person—the typesetter.

In this connection it should be explained that the compositor usually works on edited copy. Consequently he sees before him both the original and the corrected manuscript. Thus he learns what mistakes to avoid in his own attempts at writing. This fact doubtless accounts for the approximate technical accuracy noticeable in the early work of many printer-authors. Henry George, jr., son of the celebrated writer on economics, says of his father's early typesetting experience in Philadelphia: "This learning to set type marked another distinct step in the education of Henry George for his life work. Not that it lay so much in the typesetting itself, or in correcting his spelling; but rather in bringing him into familiar contact with another field of human activity—among typesetters, who, as a class, possess, as a rule, much correct general information and are given to habits of intelligent thought."

It is interesting to speculate whether the revolutionizing of methods in the composing-room in recent years will to any extent hinder the development of authors in the future. With the advent of the linotype and the virtual disappearance of the old-time hand compositor, the type-case school for writers may be said to have closed its doors forever. The question arises whether the black, white, and blue keyboard and the rattling matrices will supplant the type-case and the clicking type as an agency for the development of literary genius.

If the foregoing statements are true, *i. e.*, that reading and associates account for the inspiration of the compositor, there need be no apprehension on this score. The linotype operator sees nearly as much copy in a day as the plodding hand man saw in a week. Not only that, but the "takes" are longer, and the operator is better able to understand the full meaning of the numerous articles that come his way. Moreover, he reads under an electric or mercury light, where the old-timer had only a candle or at best an oil lamp, and consequently is less liable to the eye strain which forbids reading after working hours.

Certainly the machine compositors of to-day are not behind their type-stick predecessors in intelligence, and, despite statements to the contrary, "tramping" is not a lost art among compositors. They still travel unrestrained over a tremendous territory, though—as a result of better organization of the trade, the installation of the slip-board in many offices, and a growing respect for sobriety—the stains of travel are less noticeable. The machine compositor is, as a rule, more widely travelled, better read, and better behaved than the roadster of a generation ago. He is less of a Bohemian, perhaps, but his interests are broader and his sympathies are as deep. May we not, then, look in the future, as we have in the past, to the ranks of the "typos" for recruits to the army of authors—unless, perchance, the "strings" demanded are so long as to poison those restless minds that seek a call beyond "thirty"?

Harry W. Frantz.

Stanford University, September 23.

"REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent editorial of the *Nation* entitled "Republicanism in Europe" contains at least one sentence which needs modification. I refer to this one: "It was the feeling that the family relations of rulers made for peace that mainly induced Norway to elect a king, while Björnson pleaded for a republic."

I always felt that Björnstjerne Björnson should have pleaded for a republic in the summer and autumn of 1905, when it was within his country's grasp. But the fact is he did not do so. It is quite true that in the early summer, when he passed through Paris on his way home from Rome, Björnson did speak openly for the republican solution. But when he reached Christiania, he gradually took sides with the little group of leaders who favored a monarchical outcome for the situation, and he finally advocated ardently the choice of a king. Thereupon I sent him my visiting-card with these words written upon it: "How are the mighty fallen!" and we never thereafter exchanged a line or a spoken word, though we passed each other one day under the trees of La Muette during his visit to Paris just before he was brought back here in 1910 to die. Björnstjerne Björnson was a good hater.

Nor should the first part of your sentence be left as it stands. It is only a half-truth to say that "it was the feeling that the family relations of rulers made for peace that mainly induced Norway to elect a king." I think you would be convinced of the accuracy of my assertion by a glance at a little pamphlet published here in Paris in the autumn of 1905 by M. Urbain Gohier from materials furnished him by me. The facts given in "La République escamotée en Norvège" are quite exact, though I do not wholly approve of the tone in which they are sometimes presented, M. Gohier, especially at that period of his career, often being rather acerbic. I may add that I could not then make known all the facts which would have rendered the case still stronger on the lines here indicated. Indeed, a new edition of this pamphlet should be brought out which might well bear the title "The Real Reasons why Norway Did Not Become a Republic in 1905."

By the way, may I in closing call attention to the very inadequate and misleading treatment of this Norwegian episode in Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's "The Republican Tradition in Europe"? If the Lowell Institute—this book is made up of a series of lectures delivered there two or three years ago—had invited a European republican, such as Senator Clemenceau, Judge Soldati, or Prime Minister Bernardino Machado, for instance, instead of a European monarchist, to speak to republican America about republican Europe, we should have had a very different and more correct presentation not only of this Norwegian incident, but of several other events related in a somewhat biassed manner in this rather unsatisfactory volume. What if Oxford were to call one year as lecturer on the history and institutions of the United States, say, a Fellow of McGill University? All this is as incongruous as it would be for a shipowner to put a general on the bridge of a merchantman.

Theodore Stanton.

Paris, September 20.

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Literature

DR. WU'S OBSERVATIONS.

America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat. By Wu Ting Fang, LL.D. With illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.60 net.

The former Minister of China to the United States made many friends in this country who will welcome the prospect of being entertained anew by his caustic but never captious humor. If the reader of these impressions is a little disappointed in the scope and comprehension of Dr. Wu's observations on American manners and institutions, he may be assured at least of finding enough good-natured comment and chaff to carry him through the book without weariness. To promise more to those who recall the tang of his *obiter dicta* while abroad would be in excess of the actual truth, for he has not written a really funny book. He shows a liking for Americans and admires many of their institutions, chief among which he would seem to place the Educated Woman. "To a stranger," he declares, "and especially to an Oriental, she is a puzzle. There is one fault I find with American women, if it can be so called, and that is their inquisitiveness; I know that this is a common fault with all women, but it is most conspicuous in the Americans. They have the knack of finding out things without your being aware of it, and if they should want to know your history they will learn about it after a few minutes' conversation. They are good detectives, and I think they should be employed in that line more than they are." The charge that education, and especially co-education, augments the number of unmarried women does not alarm him, though it elicits the delightful objection that it "has tended to produce that contempt of the much-vaunted superiority of man that as a rule is reserved for those post-nuptial discoveries which make marriage such an interesting venture."

While such sallies may be accepted by the magnanimous as justifying Dr. Wu's reputation as a wit, his observations on America will hardly impress the gentlest critic with much respect for his understanding of her ordinances or her problems as a World Power. The book is chiefly significant as revealing the mental type of politician that often climbs to great heights in the Eastern world. The type—shrewd, facile, and unsubstantial—remains the same in Young China as in Old, with this superficial difference: that, while the old-time mandarin aired the morality of his ancient books with no intention of putting their precepts into practice, the young republican appeals to new-fangled notions of liberty and reason, imported like his cigarettes from the West, and designed, like the cigarettes, to end in smoke. Every Asiatic country that inherits an ancient civilization is inhabited by multitudes of this sort. They assimilate knowledge easily, they give promise in youth of character and ability far beyond their years, they preach lofty ideals, but in conduct their political careers follow for the most part the modern slogan of "safety first." There are honorable exceptions to this rule in China, but they are not to be sought from among the henchmen of that arch-opportunist, Li Hung-Chang, in whose following Dr. Wu learned some rudimentary lessons in practical politics.

As one of the first to perceive the value of foreign sympathy in the Reform movement of 1911, Dr. Wu became the spokesman abroad of the Young China party in its uprising against the Manchus. From his safe residence in the international settlement of Shanghai he endorsed the revolutionary propaganda of Sun Yat-Sen and materially assisted in framing the provisional form of government under which the successful rebels achieved the downfall of a dissipated court and autocracy. When, however, we search the volume before us for evidence of the statecraft that furthered these great ends we are confronted with the amazing spectacle of a founder of the Chinese Republic whose idealism pretends to be perfectly satisfied with an endorsement of Mr. Carnegie's Peace Foundation and an ardent belief in vegetarianism. There is no visible connection in his person between the man who writes and the man who acts, no real comprehension of the principles of constitutional government or of the complex difficulties in the way of applying them to an Oriental community. He is so far from realizing the relations between principle and profession as to propose conferring upon the President of the United States the title of Emperor as a desirable addition to the dignity of the office. As to the social life of the West, about which he has much to say, while he is willing to admire many of its features, he remains a Confucianist at heart and prefers to take his chance of attaining happiness with his countrymen. We have no fault to find with his choice, but here is his reason for doubting the superiority of our much-vaunted civilization:

> Have people in the West succeeded in prolonging their lives? Are they happier than others? I should like to hear their answers. Is it not a fact that Americans are more liable to catch cold than Asiatics; with the least change of air and with the slightest appearance of an epidemic, are they not more easily infected than Asiatics? If so, why? With their genius for invention, why have they not discovered means to safeguard themselves so that they can live longer on earth?

This sort of trifling on the part of one with some claims to be called a statesman of modern China can hardly fail to disconcert the hopes of those who are anxious to see China regain an influence commensurate with her historical importance in the world. It would be unfair to consider so slight a book as this the political testament of a man of Wu Ting-Fang's experience and sagacity; but why, if he writes at all, should he be content with publishing platitudes that must diminish the reputation which he has so long enjoyed? The answer to this question is hard to seek, for, as has been said, his is not altogether a personal idiosyncrasy; it is symtomatic of educated China to spin phrases thin as air while the political machine continues to be run as in the past by those who plot for place and party. But while we should welcome something more creditable either as literature or philosophy from the pen of this amiable diplomatist, due recognition should be given to the tempered wisdom of his counsel furnished during the past half-dozen years to the hot-heads of revolution who have destroyed the old régime. He has managed by sheer urbanity, if not by nobler incentives, to retain an influence with all partisans through the parlous days of change; and upon the radicals who once called him leader he has exerted a control that if not yet a fulfilment of our great expectations for China has, so far at least, kept her from political shipwreck.

CURRENT FICTION.

To-day's Daughter. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Bacon's art grows. Her best work is still to be found in those earlier short stories—"The Madness of Philip" and the rest—which, with their clever humor, reached a large audience. Since then cleverness has rather got the better of humor with her. This is especially apparent in her long stories. "Margarita's Soul," with its pseudonymous and hectic success, was a sad blow for those who had hoped for a steady ripening of product from this quarter. It is hardly too much to say that "To-day's Daughter" finally disposes of the possibility of any such hope.

Dr. Stanchon, whose "strange cases" have been set down in an earlier volume, again appears as the central male figure; but to Lucia, his daughter, belongs the place of honor under the spotlight. She is supposed to be not only a very modern but a very charming person; here the author and her reader are likely to disagree at the outset. This pert and conceited young woman, with her slang, her swagger, and her eternal cigarette, is to the middle-aged observer a sorry thing to look upon. She has not the excuse of Shaw's remonstrant heroines—that of extreme youth. Lutie Stanchon is thirty when we meet her. She is supposed to be keeping house for her father, but thinks the job beneath her—or rather finds it uninteresting, and sees no cause for sticking to it from a sense of duty. Prison reform is her hobby; she is ambitious and capable. At the opening of the scene she is about to desert her father and throw over her lover, in order to devote herself to a cause. She does neither, but her ensuing efforts as housekeeper, wife, and mother are feeble and ineffective, till finally the motive of "the child" effects a conversion: "Out of To-day's daughter the mother of To-morrow had been born." A happy ending does not take away the unpleasant taste of the story as a whole. These spade-speaking, assertive, charmless women, these prating, spineless men are, thank heaven, not representative children of

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to-day. All ladies are not better business men than their husbands, some husbands are almost as virtuous as their wives. Somehow none of these figures quite justifies either our liking or our belief. And that is an unpardonable slip which represents old Dr. Stanchon breaking off from a moral lecture to a pretty and relatively young woman to suggest that if she must divorce, she divorce in order to become Mrs. Stanchon. Imagine Mrs. Deland making Dr. Lavendar philander with, say, Helena Richie!

The Folk of Furry Farm. By K. F. Purdon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In his introduction to Miss Purdon's book, "George A. Birmingham" kindly offers to relieve the reviewer of any responsibility in the matter by telling him exactly what he ought to say, and in point of fact Canon Hannay has accomplished his self-imposed task extremely well. He rightly draws attention to the significance of the present volume as another indication that the literary revival which has become known as the "Irish Movement" has of late shown signs of following the path of destiny and turning for expression to fiction rather than to drama or to poetry. His critical labors he lightens by explaining that he does not "feel in the least inclined to point out the weaknesses" of Miss Purdon's writing, and we are tempted to adopt the same self-indulgent course. For this book has few faults, and of these perhaps the chief is a little lack of art in a tendency to moralize where the moralizing is merely platitudinous. But that is the worst we can say against it. The leisurely story of these Irish folk, whom Canon Hannay places for us "somewhere in the eastern part of Leinster, in Meath or Kildare, on the great plain which fattens cattle for the market," is full of charm, and Miss Purdon invests the English-Irish in which her tale is written with much distinction of style.

We have spoken of the book as though it were a continuous story, and the publishers describe it as a "romance of an Irish village." Romantic it is in its very essence, and shows that mingling of the mystic with the severely practical which is a distinguishing characteristic of the Irish; but it is a series of individual studies in the village of Ardenoo, loosely linked together by the character of one Mickey Heffernan and his adventures in search of a wife. The chapters are as a whole singularly even in merit, with the exception of the final one, Comrade Children at Furry Farm, which is inferior in quality to the rest, and we could wish that Miss Purdon had chosen to end her volume, where art demands that it should end, with that almost flawless little gem, Rosy at Furry Farm. People who describe a man who is so poor that his shoes are badly worn as having "his feet on the world"; who allude to the older sisters of a family who must be married first as "the ones that were next the door," and who say of a lonely place, "There wasn't a neighbor within the bawl of an ass of it"—these people are worth closer acquaintance.

The Hands of Esau. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Though this novel of eighty pages might well have been a short story of thirty, the reader is willing to accept its two very naïve characters against the broader background. It is written of the youthful and for the youthful; its fluency, its unambitious treatment of simple minds and a readily comprehensible situation, its open emphasis on ethical values, design it for hearts a long way from the sophisticated dryness of summer's dust. A rich girl falls in love with a young draughtsman who is not so sword-straight as to tell her the entire truth upon two heads: his discharge from a previous position for minor delinquency, and his father's imprisonment; and despite palliating circumstances, after a final test of his frankness, she renounces him. These protagonists, one conscientious and high-spirited, the other a youth estimable in every respect but that of his semi-insincerity, are not unconvincing. Because of its studied refusal to elaborate upon motives and reactions, the book naturally makes few demands upon the writer's deeper resources.

ECONOMICS AND ETHICS.

Poverty and Waste. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Hartley Withers is our twentieth-century Nathan. He pictures a distressing situation, and when in our pity and indignation we ask who did this evil thing, he replies to each of us, "Thou art the man." We confess that he surprises us. Heretofore we have known him only as one of the soundest and most attractive students of the theory and method of finance; to-day we find him among the prophets, appealing as strongly to our moral as to our economic sense. In the past most persons have viewed the distinction between rich and poor too exclusively from one angle or another. As economists they have been cold and fatalistic; as altruists they have been sympathetic and impracticable. In Mr. Hartley Withers we discover something the world is always looking for and so seldom finding—a perfect conjunction of economics and ethics.

In the work before us he preaches an exceptionally fine lay sermon, from a text by Mr. Bonar Law, "The greatest of all possible social reforms would be to raise the standard of wages throughout the country." This is what we should all like to do, but what the world has been kept from doing, on the scale really desired, by an ethical fact which has been vitally overlooked. From the pulpit and the platform we are continually told that poverty is due to a hard economic law, the "iron law of wages." From Mr. Withers we learn that the fault is not in our economics, but in our ethics. The villain of the piece is not the capitalist, employer, manager, or middleman, but the final consumer. The blame is brought home to every one of us. Mr. Withers might just as well have chosen for his text, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

We catch Mr. Withers's spirit easily when we hear him say that it is incredible that at this stage of our alleged civilization any one should doubt that labor ought to, and must, have a bigger share of the good things of the world. The mere fact that the wonderful growth of material prosperity, of which we are all so proud, has left millions of people, who do the hardest, dreariest, and dirtiest of the work that has produced it, to live under conditions in which they have little chance of really living at all, ought to be enough. There should be no need to contend that this state of affairs should be improved off the face of the earth. Everybody ought to be asking how to do it best and quickest. These are the words of a moralist, and as we read farther we find that they are the words of a very stern moralist, though a kindly one.

But Mr. Withers knows that you cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; he realizes that economic ills can only be cured by economic law. The relation between economics and ethics is, however, very close in this particular matter; though the cure must come from economic restraint, restraint is a moral quality. We can cure economic ills by a moral determination not to thwart the economic sense. In saying this we sum up the whole of the argument of this interesting and inspiring work. The volume before us is concerned with stating the economic facts of the case, and with showing repeatedly the moral interpretation to which they point. For example:

> A remedy would be found at once if those who have money would grasp and act on the very simple fact that since the producing power of mankind is limited, every superfluous and useless article that they buy, every extravagance that they commit, prevents the production of the necessaries of life for those who are at present in need of them. The man who cannot be comfortable without half a dozen motor cars and pursues his own comfort by buying them, thereby takes bread out of the mouths of the hungry.

Here we have the remorseless logic of the economist in the vestments of the moral reformer.

Every purchase of an article of luxury stiffens the price of articles of necessity, and makes the struggle of the poor still harder—that is Mr. Withers's message. In examining the claims of the various people who share in the produce of industry he does not find any one whom we can condemn to extinction in order to better the lot of the workers. Capitalist, employer, manager, middleman are found to be all essential to industry on its present basis. He shows us, too, that many people, who now live on the proceeds of industry without being themselves producers, nevertheless render services to the community without which it would have no security, and would live in a joyless and unenlightened world. In making all this clear he has produced a work that is most attractive in the reading and most convincing in the argument.

Yet the Golden Rule itself is convincing as an argument. We are almost afraid that the extinction of poverty would be nearer at

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hand if the determining factor were less ethical than Mr. Withers makes it out to be. He has led us into a pleasant place, where we see "a stately palace, beautiful to behold." But only persons of "very stout countenance" go in there.

A. W. VERRALL.

Collected Literary Essays, Classical and Modern. By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50 net).

Collected Essays in Greek and Latin Scholarship. By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50 net).

These two stately tomes would have given great satisfaction to the author if he had lived to see them published. He himself made the selection of the various essays and articles shortly before his death; they have been seen through the press by two devoted friends, M. A. Bayfield and J. D. Duff; the former contributes a lengthy and enthusiastic Memoir of Verrall to the volume of "Literary Essays," and the same volume contains a commemorative address delivered before the academic committee of the Royal Society of Literature by Dr. Mackail. The address, though written by a friend of many years' standing, is an admirable example of Dr. Mackail's clear, critical acumen; it will be accepted as a just appraisement of Verrall's strength and weakness by those who took him seriously, as well as by those who were inclined to mock at him.

Verrall is best known by his book entitled "Euripides the Rationalist" and by his editions of the classics. All his work is marked by a quality which was his strength as well as his weakness; his extremely nimble intelligence and his reconstructive imagination led him to make new combinations which were sometimes brilliant and sometimes only far-fetched. He worked in a time when the emending of classical texts was much more fashionable among scholars than it is now. It was a *jeu d'esprit* of admirable point to apply to him the familiar phrase *splendide mendax*, only slightly emended in the form Spendid Emendax. One of the most distinguished of American classical scholars, now gone to his rest, was not satisfied, however, with the *double entente*, and insisted that Verrall belonged among "the wild asses of philology." The expression was too severe; Verrall himself best described himself when he wrote of "wit or subtlety on the part of the artist in the manipulation of meanings," and "the enjoyment of such subtlety for its own sake, and as the source of a distinct intellectual pleasure." As Dr. Mackail expresses it, "sagacity in its literal sense, the keen scent after things hidden, was the habit of his mind." If he paid the penalty for this quality in the estimation of readers of his work, he had compensation in the enthusiastic admiration of those who listened to his lectures, both academic and popular.

This is abundantly attested by many of his former pupils and by Dr. Mackail. Withal he was a very human person and possessed of a merry spirit and a pretty wit, in the ordinary sense of the word. And above all, "letters were to him," as Dr. Mackail writes with his usual felicity, "a world crowdedly and intensely alive. He brought to the study of the classics—of those masterpieces which have been so thumbed and worn by long currency—the fresh mind at whose contact they sprang into fresh vitality. He brought the same fresh interest and enjoyment to English letters and the literary art of his own day. To hear him discourse on modern authors was to realize that they were not separated in his mind from the ancient authors among whom he worked professionally. To both alike he applied the same rapid intelligence, in both alike he felt the same living interest. And that was the interest neither of classicism nor of modernism; it was the interest of literature as a fine art." After such words, one can understand why, when Verrall was named by the Crown to be the first professor of English literature at Cambridge, the choice was recognized by those most competent to judge as not only justifiable, but singularly happy. One of his old pupils bears witness that "there was no one of his generation at Cambridge who meant so much as he did to us younger men." And Prof. Gilbert Murray wrote in the *Oxford Review:* "Verrall has left upon those who knew him well an impression of greatness and of nobility far outweighing the normal admiration due to a famous scholar."

The Literary Essays will appeal to layman and scholar; they well illustrate the wide range of Verrall's interests. "A Roman of Greater Rome," "An Old Love Story," "The Feast of Saturn," "A Tragi-Comedy and a Page of History" are ancient themes made very interesting; several essays bring together Dante and Statius and Virgil; "The Prose of Walter Scott" and "Diana of the Crossways" bring us to our own times. The most brilliant bit in the volume is "Aristophanes on Tennyson"; the author puts into modern form the famous judgment scene in "The Frogs," where Aristophanes entertains his audience by a comparison of the verse of Euripides and Æschylus. Verrall, as champion of Euripides, shows how easy it is to bring to ridicule any poet by the method of adding the same ridiculous tag of verse to cap resounding lines. Tennyson is selected as the unhappy victim. The result is an extremely brilliant bit of farce in true Aristophanic manner, and as good an example of parody as one may easily find.

The volume of studies in "Greek and Latin Scholarship" ranges from Tyrtæus to Statius; it contains emendations and new combination of old material, well illustrating Verrall's familiar methods of subtlety and audacity; some of his conclusions are to be accepted, some must be rejected, but all are characteristic of the brilliant man who wrote them.

THE EFFICACY OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

Christianity and the New Age. By George Preston Mains. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. $1.50 net.

This is a remarkable book, all the more remarkable as a deliverance of the intellectual and spiritual convictions of an eminent leader in the Methodist Church, which has not, in these later days, been commonly identified with progress in religious ideals. It is distinguished by mastery of its subject, wide scholarship, broad tolerance, clear vision, an earnest and fearless reverence for truth as the only sure foundation of faith, a disregard of mere dogma and tradition, and by a thoroughly devout, cheerful, and hopeful spirit. Logical in its arrangement of argument and facts, philosophical in its reasoning, and delightfully free from sectarian bias, dealing only with undisputed essentials of Christianity—its mission, its failures, its achievements, and its prospects—it is a fascinating and instructive volume, not only for churchmen, but for all workers for the betterment of mankind. In its recognition of Christ as the divine redeemer and ultimate saviour of the world, it is, of course, entirely orthodox—Dr. Mains is no skeptic—but the special significance of it is to be found in the subordination of creed to principle, the comprehensive survey of instant social problems, and the dispassionate, and therefore all the more severe, arraignment of the modern church.

The articles dealing with the churches in the city and the country are full of pregnant and suggestive matter. For the decline in the rural church the manifold changes and developments of modern life are held to be largely responsible; but the author relentlessly points out the mischief done by the impolitic rivalry of kindred denominations, the lack of common religious purpose, and the incompetency of a starved, disheartened, and imperfectly educated ministry. In the city he deplores the notorious estrangement that has grown up between the Protestant churches and the poor, and boldly enumerates some of the obvious causes of it, declaring that it will be a lasting reproach to them if they fail, under the standards of the gospel, to install themselves as leaders and inspirers of the armies of labor, now so sorely in need of wise guidance and instruction. Especially does he bewail the tendency of some of the clergy to bow the knee before Mammon. On the subject of the necessity for those rational readjustments in matters of dogma and practice, without which there can be no effective coöperation of religious forces, and no general public response to religious ministration, he is particularly sound and sane; as he is in his insistence upon the need of a highly educated clergy, versed not only in the tenets of their own denomination, but in all the varied departments of modern learning, in order that they may be able to hold their own in controversy and back their professions with knowledge. To Biblical criticism he would impose no limits, arguing that the one aim of scientific inquiry,

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as of true religious zeal, is truth. No amount of investigation, he says, can do permanent harm to a divine record. All that the Bible needs is an unclouded opportunity to deliver its own message. If the critical movement gives us a Bible purged of priestly fables, mystifying interpretations, and false traditions, able to speak directly from the background of its own historical and grammatical setting, it must be accounted one of the most beneficent in the providential scheme. Secularized education he believes to be an unmitigated evil, but no life, he says, "needs more the enrichment, the stimulus, and the uplift furnished from the products of modern scientific thinking, than the ordinary rank and file life of the church."

In discussing the questions of Plutocracy and Socialism he displays an equal sanity. Everybody will not agree with all his views, but his general conclusions will commend themselves to most thinking persons. He speaks as one who knows, and gives authority for his assertions. He would put no bar to the accumulation of wealth by personal ability and legitimate enterprise, but draws a clear distinction between the tyrannical power exerted by wealth for purely selfish purposes—the grinding exactions of monopolies, and the benignant effect of wealth employed with a sense of moral responsibility. Capital, he maintains, is not only an inevitable phenomenon, inseparable from the existence of special capacities for its production, but one vital to human progress, and the development of art, science, culture, and philanthropy. It is an evil when amassed without reference to the rights of the community, and this is the sort of wealth that is constantly adding fuel to the fire of discontent which threatens to blaze into revolution. Socialism, in most of its aspects, he regards as an iridescent dream, chiefly because it fails to take into account the radical differences in human needs, desires, and capacities. With many of its professed objects, and its championship of the inherent rights of man, he is, of course, in hearty sympathy. But he recognizes the growing power and menace of it, which are independent of the essential fallacies that must preclude its final triumph. No policy, he argues, can succeed which is purely political and materialistic. The amelioration of the race can be brought about only with the aid of moral agencies.

In those chapters which deal with the work of Christianity and the church through the ages there is much able illustration and interesting argument, but even the briefest synopsis would take too much space, and do them injustice. They all tend to the support of Dr. Mains's central thesis, that, since Calvary, the Holy Spirit has been engaged actively on the work of regeneration and enlightenment in accordance with Christ's promise, and that it is to his influence, exerted through various circumstances and agencies, that the gradual progress of the world in civilization, spiritual discernment, and enlightenment must be attributed. Evolution, by divine ordination, has been and is the working system throughout the natural and spiritual world, and with the development of man's experience and faculties comes a clearer perception of his inheritance in a divine kingdom, the rights of brotherhood, and the celestial purpose. This is why there is the widespread distrust, or negligence, of ecclesiastical creeds and dogmas, bound in the fetters of mediæval traditionalism. This is why a new school of lay prophets, but none the less inspired, is arising everywhere, proclaiming the nobility and beauty of service, and illustrating, by example, their belief in the dictum of Paul that faith without works is dead. It is unfortunate that an utterance so inspiring and hopeful as is this whole book of Dr. Mains should be so apparently discredited by the war which is now making a hell of Europe. But even in this abomination, he might find a possible justification of his faith and his hope. Should it end in the annihilation of materialistic tyranny and the establishment of a world peace and larger national and individual liberty, the attribution of it to Divine contrivance might not appear altogether ridiculous. On one point there can be no doubt. All religious questions set aside, Dr. Mains has written a big book embodying a philosophy whose practice, if idealistic, is not impossible, and which indicates the one road, commonly known as the Golden Rule, affording approach to the long-desired Utopia.

THE DANCE.

The Dance. By Troy and Margaret West Kinney ("The Kinneys"). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

Modern Dancing. By Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

Social Dancing of To-day. By "The Kinneys." New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1 net.

Æsthetic Dancing. By Emil Rath. New York: The A. S. Barnes Co. $1.50 net.

Even as Carlyle once cried for the men who sing at their work, so the modern employer has perforce found a virtue in employees who dance long after work is finished; the psychologist has at last intruded upon scientific management and prescribed dancing as exercise and relaxation. Thus we are passing through the throes of that mania for the dance that has periodically swept modern civilization, with the significant difference that our utilitarian age has coupled strenuous exercise with pleasure. The dance-rhythm of work, says Havelock Ellis, acts socializingly in a parallel line with the dance rhythms of the arts. Of the present-day invasion from South America and the thrall in which it has held us, the historian of the future must remark that never was dancing more spontaneous.

To look into the past is a sore temptation: so much of our social fabric is part of the measures dead and gone. Sang Henley in his "Ballade of Antique Dances":

> Ere Chloe and Strephon came to blows
> For Votes, degrees, and cigarettes,
> The world rejoiced to point its toes
> In Gigues, Gavottes, and Minuets.

Therefore it is interesting to find "The Kinneys" (as they prefer to be known), in their very readable history of the dance, making the significant prediction that there is now a tendency towards a revival of the old court dances. But, dearly as we could wish it, the statement that the one-step will revive the seventeenth-century Pavane, is hardly credible. The latter, we fear, is already in the limbo of lost dances. In every cycle of fashion it may be found that society has sentimentally hoped for a return of a *galante* period. Nowhere is this more evident than in the survival of the sedulous mummery of the fancy-dress dance. The age of sword, brocade, and buckles, once

> Of amber-lidded snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,

with all its elaborate, prosy mannerisms, has remained the prime favorite. Just as the dance had its origin with the expression of religious feelings, a function it still fulfils among primitive peoples, so our age of speed and commerce seeks to make it fulfil the task of dignifying and formalizing social contact between the sexes.

With this secret at heart Society has fought many a losing battle. The most honorable, perhaps, was against the waltz, which, though its origin was French, must in its latter phase be ascribed, together with its witching music, to the German. Shattering to the treasured memories of our mothers, and their devotion to "The Blue Danube" and "Dream Faces," must come the tradition that the first waltz tune was "Ach! du lieber Augustin." The waltz at its inception caused many a tea-pot storm. "Does thee think that this is proper?" demanded Whittier of a young Boston lady at the Isle of Shoals, and somewhat the same spirit animated the noble protest of an English dowager in the *Times* against our modern "negroid" abominations.

America has done her share with the "Washington Post" and her cake walks, which rivalled the tremendous vogue which the defunct polka, invented by a peasant girl, had when it came from Prague to storm America and Victorian England. But youth, given its fling, has not swung full-circle; and after another losing fight Society has summoned its Kinneys and Castles, as once eighteenth-century Bath called Beau Nash to its rescue. And while Society has invested these South American dances with a semi-formalism, yet another triumph must be recorded for the folk dances of a primitive race.

Their rôles as writers and artists bear out the painstaking observation and explanation "The Kinneys" have given in their history. Under debt to writers like Noverre, Castil-Blaze, and Vuillier, their volume contains abundant personal anecdote and first-hand experience with the various forms of the dance as still practiced in odd corners of the globe. The chapter on Social Dancing of To-day is issued in a separate volume for more strenuous enthusiasts. A bibliography

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forms a useful appendix, but should have included Giraudet's "Traité de la danse." In their "Modern Dancing," since the title seems ambiguous, it must be explained that "The Castles" refer to the latest South American and other measures now in vogue. Their rôle to Society as moderators and adapters must not be denied, and the popularity of the "Castle Walk" is a tribute to their endeavor. Illustrated, as are all these books, by photographs of the exponents in action, together with diagrams of the various measures, this book of "The Castles" should settle many a destiny.

More in the region of physical exercise is Dr. Rath's "Æsthetic Dancing." He has succeeded in adapting many of the classical ballet steps for girls' and women's classes, and brought into coördination the sense of rhythm with that of all phases of muscular effort. His book should also prove valuable as a primer to interpretative dancing.

Notes

[Subscribers are reminded that notice of change of address should be sent to the Circulation Department, and that both the old and the new addresses should be clearly stated.—Ed. The Nation.]

Little, Brown & Company announce for publication on October 10: "The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance; "The Things that Count," by Laurence Eyre; "The Charm of Scandinavia," by Francis E. Clark and Sydney A. Clark; "Ned Brewester's Caribou Hunt," by Chauncey J. Hawkins.

The Century Company announces for publication this month: "From the Log of the Velsa," by Arnold Bennett; "The Honest House," by Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow and Rayne Adams; "Soul-Spur," by Richard Wightman.

Among the reprints which have recently been received we may notice the following: Oliver Goldsmith's "The Bee and Other Essays," together with "The Life of Richard Nash"; "Legends and Lyrics, together with a Chaplet of Verses," by Adelaide Procter; "Poems of Charles Kingsley, containing the Saint's Tragedy, Andromeda, and Other Poems, 1848-1870"; "Poems of Emerson," and John Henry Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius and Other Poems"—all in the cheap edition published by the Oxford University Press. To these should be added William Morris's "Old French Romances" (Scribner) and a choice little volume issued by Mosher, entitled "Books and the Quiet Life, Being Some Pages from the Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, by George Gissing." Though not a reprint, it is proper to mention here "Stories from Browning" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50), by Harvey Carson Grumbine. It is possible that this retelling in prose of the plots of several of Browning's best-known poems may hearten the youthful to approach the poems themselves. Professor Grumbine does not aim, of course, to supplant Mrs. Orr's substantial Handbook to Browning.

Longmans, Green, & Co., whose excellent edition of "The Collected Works of William Morris" has been noticed in these columns, have further earned the gratitude of readers by including in their Pocket Edition twelve volumes of this author. These contain the following works—"The Sundering Flood," "The Roots of the Mountains," "A Dream of John Ball," "The Water of the Wondrous Isles," "Poems by the Way," "The Well at the World's End," "The House of the Wolfings," and "The Life and Death of Jason." The paper and type are satisfactory and the binding is neat, even handsome, as befits the dress of Morris's work. The price is seventy-five cents the volume.

Those to whom the reading of Dutch is not the easy matter which its many resemblances to German would seem to imply, will welcome the German translation of the Middle Dutch beast epic "Van den Vos Reynaerde," which has been published by Prof. Max Poll through the University of Cincinnati Press (75 cents). Dr. Poll's rendering is in prose, a discreet arrangement, for it is next to impossible to reproduce the simplicity of this Dutch work in the verse of another language, especially if rhyme is attempted. A short introduction sketches the trend of this good story from the days of "Willem die Madoc maecte" and the uncertain Arnout to Goethe's more sophisticated version. It is unfortunate that Dr. Poll, in dealing with anything so perfect in its way as "Reynaert," should have soiled his text with misprints.

A series of rambling disquisitions upon R. L. Stevenson as author and as lover of Scotland, with some of Stevenson's essays relating to the Pentland Hills, is comprised in L. McLean Watt's "The Hills of Home" (Scribner; $2). The romancer, it will be remembered, was carried by his father in 1867, when he was seventeen, to live at Swanston Cottage at the foot of these bulwarks of Edinburgh. Here he watched the sheep folded from the long slopes; here he met the countryside, from John Todd the shepherd and Robert Young the gardener to the military beggar who loved Keats; here he wandered among the graves of the martyred Covenanters; here saw the great trailing flight of crows "passing continually between the wintry leaden sky and the wintry cold-looking hills." In 1874, on returning from South Europe, he spent here a brief second term of study, writing and walking. It was a period in his life of considerable definiteness and importance, and might be treated with more biographical and critical detail than has hitherto been given it. Mr. Watt is saturated with his subject, and his work has undeniable charm of style; while he is able to produce a few interesting new sidelights, such as that seen in a schoolfellow's account of the general inattention to Stevenson's papers in the Speculative Society, and of some of his boyish pranks. He succeeds, too, in catching the atmosphere of Scottish scenes and the flavor of Scottish rural character. But the outstanding quality of his essays is their incoherence. Not a single division has outward or inward unity. He wanders from the Scotch love of home to the association of the Pentlands with Allan Ramsay and Dr. John Brown; from Stevenson's inability to portray women to the types of Scotch clerical libraries; from the indebtedness of Stevenson's verse to Robert Fergusson to the religious uprisings of 1666. The reader is prepared for informality, but not to this degree. An interfused literary criticism is well-put but commonplace. The papers of Stevenson which Mr. Watt has gathered together are "The Pentland Rising," privately published by Stevenson's father when the boy was sixteen; "An Old Scotch Gardener," written for the *Edinburgh University Magazine* in 1871, and revised for "Memories and Portraits"; and "A Pastoral" and "The Manse," which appeared in *Longmans'* and *Scribner's* respectively in 1887, and were later also included in "Memories and Portraits." Some of the "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh" might well have been added. There are twelve attractive illustrations in color by Robert Hope.

"The Cecil Family," by G. Ravenscroft Dennis (Houghton Mifflin; $2.50 net), is chiefly devoted to the lives of three men: William Cecil, Lord Burghley; Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, and the third Marquess of Salisbury. Of Lord Burghley many lives have been written, and our author's original contribution is mainly in point of view. That Burghley's character has been generally felt to be unsympathetic seems to arise not so much from his "cold and calculating nature" as from a single-mindedness that found its chief expression in an almost blind loyalty to his sovereign. To this he somewhat pathetically gives utterance in the last words he wrote to his son Robert: "Serve God by serving the Queen; for all other service is, indeed, bondage to the Devil." That he at least did nothing to save his friend and patron, Somerset, need not be pressed too much, though we should hesitate to go so far in condonation as Sir Thomas Morrysine, who, congratulating him on his escape, wrote: "For it were a way to make an end of amity, if, when men fall, their friends should forthwith therefore be troubled." A Protestant by inclination, under Mary he "demeaned himself as a good Catholic." "He believed that the sovereign was the supreme head of the church," and that "that state could never be in safety where there was a toleration of two religions." In the first Earl of Salisbury we find much the same coldness of temperament, with the same single-eyed loyalty. It has been brought against him that, in the later years of Elizabeth, he was in secret correspondence with James, but by his action he "ensured a peaceful succession and saved the country from the dangers arising from rival claims." Raleigh, his friend, he made little effort to save, but extant letters show that he befriended him and his family to the end. For an authoritative life of the late Lord Salisbury we are still waiting for Lady Gwendolen Cecil's promised biography. In the meantime, our author's sketch of his political career is interesting, especially in the emphasis laid on many points of resemblance to Lord Burghley. There is a curious timeliness in the account of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, his attitude towards Germany's colonial pretensions, his promotion of the Triple Alliance, and his furtherance of Austria's territorial ambitions in the Balkans. The Anglo-German agreement of 1890 is here held to be Salisbury's "greatest achievement in diplomacy." The British fleet to-day may well wish it had not included, *inter alia*, the cession of Heligoland.

The second volume of the "Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter" follows the plan

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of the first in combining investigations on historical events with accounts of distinguished German personages who have figured more or less largely in American affairs. F. J. Herriott's article, "The Germans of Iowa and the 'Two-Year' Amendment of Massachusetts" is a well-written chapter on the history of local politics from the point of view of Federal relations. Julius Goebel contributes additional documents concerning German immigration in 1709. A comprehensive review of the life and works of Therese Robinson (Talvj), by Irma E. Voigt, is rather enthusiastic than critical, but reveals thorough and painstaking research. Albert J. W. Kern's oration on Jakob Leisler worthily commemorates an early martyr to the idea of popular sovereignty. From the diary of Dr. Enno Sander, Otto Heller publishes some rather confused but interesting passages bearing upon the revolution of 1848. It is possible that the whole diary will ultimately appear in print.

"The Essentials of Business English," by Porter Lander MacClintock (Chicago: La Salle Extension University; $1), has much more of the appearance of the conventional rhetoric or composition book than most "business English" texts. This fearlessness will commend it to the judicious, who will also like its insistence upon fundamentals. It is better than many of its rivals in the abundance and character of its illustrations and exercises, and it does not attempt to make a finished filing-clerk and salesman, but to supply directions and material for those who need training in grammar and every-day writing. Such persons will find it an intelligible and trustworthy guide.

We have received from Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. two books of a popular character on Irish history, "The Romance of Irish History" ($1.50 net), by Mr. John G. Rowe, and "The Romance of Irish Heroines" ($1.25 net), by L. M. McCraith. Without attempting to write a full or consecutive narrative both authors deal with selected episodes of general interest. Mr. Rowe seeks to emphasize especially the romantic, as opposed to the melancholy or tragic, element which has usually been made prominent by writers on Ireland. He treats a great variety of men and events from the earliest legendary period down to the ministry of Mr. Asquith, and as a result of covering so much time he has had to reduce his account of many episodes to the merest superficial sketch. In the book on Irish heroines, on the other hand, a few figures are singled out and their stories rather more effectively told. The author's purpose seems to be to help create national ideals by presenting to the rising generation the best traditions of Irish womanhood. Neither work makes any pretence of being a learned or critical treatise or of adding anything to historical knowledge; and both would be better, especially in the early parts, if more careful distinction in statement had been made between facts and traditions.

The separately printed Supplement to the July number of the *American Journal of International Law* contains: The text of the Californian statute of May, 1913, the "Alien Land Tenure Law," to which Japan has made objection; regulations and ordinance of procedure of the Central American Court of Justice (international); notes exchanged between France and Germany (July 26, 1913), concerning aerial navigation; several treaties of commerce and navigation; convention between Russia and Germany of February 28, 1913, relating to the protection of literary and artistic works, and the new Act of 1914, complete, repealing the exemption, in the original Panama Canal act, of coastwise United States shipping from payment of tolls. In the *Journal* itself the Editorial Comment contains a very complete exposition of the controversy with Japan on the Californian law, with the most significant passages of the discussion between the two Governments, and also discusses the Mexican problem, justifying the position the present Administration had maintained. A connected narrative, embodying a considerable array of documents, is given of the origin and purpose of the Platt amendment affecting Cuban affairs, with Mr. Root's official statement of the conditions under which the United States could properly guarantee the independence of Cuban sovereignty. The proceedings of the annual meeting of the American Association of International Law are summarized, and the opening address of Mr. Root as president, on "The Real Monroe Doctrine," receives first place among the articles. A short paper by Charles Lyon Chandler contends that the Monroe Doctrine was wholly of American origin, not originated by George Canning, as some have asserted. Colby M. Chester presents a paper on the diplomacy of the quarterdeck; Richard W. Flournoy, jr., one on the new German law of nationality; Charles Cheney Hyde, one on our extradition treaties; and James Brown Scott concludes his elaborate study of the Declaration of London of February 26, 1909, arrived at by the conference of ten of the greatest naval Powers.

In the minute study of Thucydides to which Walter R. M. Lamb has given the somewhat fantastical name, borrowed from a phrase of Pindar, of "Clio Enthroned" (Putnam: Cambridge University Press, $3), there are two purposes, which, however, easily coalesce into one. Mr. Lamb chooses first to abolish the thesis set forth by F. M. Cornford in his "Thucydides Mythistoricus," to the effect that Thucydides, neglecting the real economic and commercial causes of the Peloponnesian war, wantonly distorted the facts of history into a great mythical drama in which Chance and Hope and Nemesis play such parts as Æschylus and the poetic imagination assigned to them in Athenian tragedy. Against these "modernist fallacies," or the "illusions of the present," as we should prefer to call them, Mr. Lamb has, we think, protested wisely and convincingly. Thucydides, after all, was a man of his time, and the very fact that he saw racial and otherwise emotional causes underlying the great duel of Hellas—though he by no means ignores economic causes so utterly as Mr. Cornford would have us believe—is evidence that the people of his day were influenced by the same motives.

With this justification of Thucydides as one alive to the actual powers that were compelling Athens to its dramatic ruin, Mr. Lamb joins an elaborate investigation of the historian's style. Just because he had a deeper philosophy of human nature than any of his predecessors, he "was clearly fixing, with all the strength and authority of his genius, an entirely new complexion upon historical prose." Into this long analysis of literary influences under which Thucydides wrote and of his own contributions to the new artistic prose, we cannot here enter. Though pedantic in a sense, Mr. Lamb's study is throughout instinct with sympathetic appreciation of the historian's psychological procedure. Nor is it lacking in literary insight. What light, for instance, is thrown upon the linguistic experiments of the Greek by this quotation from the Memoirs of the Duc de Sully?—

> The public is to expect in these Memoirs only descriptions of such events as are of consideration, and which I witnessed, or which befell the king himself. . . . With a view to refreshing my memory, I jotted down at the beginning some features which had struck me, and, in particular, those utterances which the king made to me, or which I had heard him make, upon the war or political matters. . . . His Majesty observed what I was at, . . . and he commanded me to set my work in some order, and extend it. *Here I found great difficulties; not the least of them was that which arose from my style.*

Mr. Lamb's work is for the Greek student alone, but to such it will be highly profitable.

"The Madras Presidency," by Edgar Thurston (Cambridge University Press), is the first of a series of Indian Provincial Geographies or Lexicons which will be of value to Americans as well as to Anglo-Indians. It is intended as a concise summary of almost every department of information from the physical geography and fauna to the natives, ancient and modern, their industries, and adaptation to the present British Government. An attempt has been made to obtain capable sub-editors, with very unequal results. The chief author is preëminent in the ethnological field, and this portion leaves little to be desired. For many reasons, brief summaries of wide fields are much more difficult of satisfactory achievement than more extended treatment, and this is well shown in the two major topics of fauna and flora. The latter is an exceedingly well-planned section, and in seventeen pages gives a good general review of the field. The faunal account in an equal amount of space has nothing to recommend it, being general, superficial, and uninteresting. The book is an excellent beginning, and with due cognizance of the shortcomings of this first volume, those soon to follow on Bengal and the Punjab should be models which the Governments of other nations might well copy, in a presentation of information about their colonies.

Prof. A. T. Robertson's "Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research" (Doran; $5) is a noteworthy contribution to the study of the New Testament. His "Short Grammar" (1908, 3d ed. 1912) was designed for younger students; the present work (of over 1,300 octavo pages) is meant for advanced students—it gives a sketch of the history of New Testament grammatical theory, with a full and critical statement of New Testament morphological and syntactical usage. The author holds, with the great body of recent scholars, that the language of the New Testament is not a hotchpotch or a hybrid (Hebraized Greek), but simply the *koine*, the every-day speech, of the Græco-Roman world of the first and second centuries of our era, to be studied not mainly in classic Greek writings, but chiefly in the papyri and ostraka recently discovered and published. He adds an excellent account of the origin and growth of

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the *koine,* its relation to the dialects, and the place of the New Testament Greek in the mass of the common speech. The historical method, on which he insists, leads him to take into account Greek usage from the earliest known time to the present day, but he does not lose sight of the fact that New Testament Greek was a living language, possessing the elasticity and power of adaptation that belong to all forms of speech in which intelligent men express themselves naturally, avoiding, on the one hand, popular crudeness, and, on the other, the attempt to imitate old models. In view of the fact that the *koine* was the general language of intercourse in the early Roman Empire, there is a good deal to say in favor of the opinion held by Professor Robertson and others that Jesus and his immediate Palestinian followers understood and spoke Greek as well as Aramaic; but in the present state of our knowledge this opinion cannot be regarded as more than probable.

The study of New Testament Greek syntax has been burdened both with the crude or mythical formulas of the older grammars and with the hesitations naturally connected with the conception of a sacred language. Professor Robertson has endeavored, not unsuccessfully, to relieve the study from these burdens. He adopts modern ideas and terminology, and in general treats constructions with logical strictness. He recognizes the fundamental identity of adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions (all of them being in one sense "particles"). He discards such expressions as "prepositions govern cases of nouns" and "conjunctions govern moods," and properly regards a preposition or a conjunction as simply a relational word. Among the numerous examples of satisfactory treatment we may cite a clear discussion of the infinitive with accusative (p. 489 f). In so large a number of constructions as are considered in this volume there are, of course, individual cases that admit of different explanations. Thus, it may be regarded as doubtful whether an adverb (in the example given on p. 547) is ever used as a substantive; in such expressions as "I am from above" (ἐκ τῶν ἄνω) we may recognize a compressed phrase "from those things that are above," as in our "the above sentence," which means "the above-given sentence," or "the sentence written above." On p. 549, μόνον is not used in different senses but qualifies different words (a pronoun and a verb). When Jesus says (John xviii, 23), "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil," the protasis does not treat the assumption as a fact true of Him (p. 1009), but only as a charge made by His accusers. But, though one may differ here and there with the author in his judgments, no one can fail to recognize his thoroughness and his general critical sanity. His volume approaches the character of an encyclopædia. There are few points of grammatical exegesis that the student will not find considered, there are few important writers on the subjects treated that are not cited and critically appraised. The bibliographical material is extensive, the proofreading is good, and the volume is provided with suitable indexes. It should be in the hands of all students of the Greek New Testament.

Few countries of Europe are so little known to the traveller as the charming little Duchy of Luxembourg. English sportsmen, fond of a picturesque boar hunt or a quiet trout stream, are occasionally to be found there, but so far as the rest of the world goes, Hugo and Goethe wasted their superlatives upon this *allerliebstes Ort.* George Renwick's delightful book, "Luxembourg, the Grand Duchy and Its People" (Scribner; $3 net), attempts to do it tardy justice. The book is written in an easy and engaging style. History, geography, government, customs, art, and archæology are brought up in turn, as they might be in the mind on a summer day's travel. "Une terre aimée du ciel et favorisée des dieux" denotes the land truly, and the author was wise to take the line as his motto. He was, however, at least a little careless when he attributed the sentiment to a vaguely mythical French poet, Ausone, for the pleasing verse is merely a translation from the Latin of Ausonius, who, though a native of Bordeaux, yet dared to celebrate the River Moselle. It is plain that one had to be born in Roman times to have the courage to do that; and the writer of this book might well have made some point of the fact that in those days Moselle meant not a wine but a river of Luxembourg, and one, furthermore, whose natural charm had not yet been forgotten for her vineyards. We are sure Mr. Renwick will bear us no grudge for trying to trip him up on his erudition, for it is not depth of learning that makes his book delightful, but the easy rambling way and the half-tramp spirit in which he presents this little-known enclave in the main-travelled lands of Europe.

When the casual reader first picks up Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's translation of "The Autobiography of Charlotte Amélie, Princess of Aldenburg," he may be pardoned if he expects a "court memoir" with a touch of scandal, for the publishers (McBride, Nast; $4 net) have decked it out with a little of that sumptuousness which arouses suspicion. In this case, however, the editor has made accessible an historical document of considerable importance. It is the life story of a Protestant princess belonging to one of the most distinguished houses in France (De la Tremoïlle) in the days of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It had appeared first in a German translation in 1892. It comes before us here somewhat reduced in bulk through judicious cutting. In the original French it still awaits an editor, for its so-called "Memoirs," published in Geneva in 1876, are neither accurate nor representative. Although the writer is a Princess de la Tremoïlle, the narrative shows little trace of what her countrymen call *race,* and still less of what we might call raciness. Her style is dull and sad and heavy, lacking any flavor of Gallic salt, any snap or crackle; a record of misfortunes, conscientiously accurate, by a thoroughly commonplace, assuredly pious, and possibly bigoted young woman, who, after spending her childhood and youth in France, becomes lady in waiting to the Queen of Denmark and then wife of Monsieur, the King's brother. The very defects of the narrative as such, however, make it a particularly interesting document on the moral temperature of this time. The Princess accepts without question the spirit of the courts in which she lived. Her story is amazingly matter-of-fact. Her naïve supineness before her husband might even supply incidents of comedy. So, on one occasion, when one of her lord's friends comes to visit her, she records, "Monsieur told me to condole with him, which I did." We are struck by the terrible rapidity with which childhood passes, by the caducity of life in this hothouse atmosphere. It will help the student to understand that prematurely aged expression, that pathetically outward joyousness, of Velasquez's infantas when he reads how a child of three, mortally sick, comes most formally to crave leave of her elder sister to retire and go to what in a few days was to be her deathbed. But even more interesting for students of history will be the picture of life at the court of Denmark, in Holland, and in various parts of the Empire in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. A book which throws so much light on the life and manners of the time should have been published with a view to its use by historians, to whom it will provide valuable collateral reading. It lacks dates and chapter heads. The annotation is scant, and the index incomplete. In this respect it marks no advance over the German translation of Dr. Mosen.

A useful sketch of pre-Justinian Roman law is contained in the Rev. M. Hyamson's edition of the "Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum Collatio" (Oxford University Press; 21s.). He gives facsimile, transcription, and translation of the Berlin Codex of the Collatio, discusses its date, authorship, and purpose, and adds textual and exegetical notes. His conclusion is that the work was composed between the years 390 and 438, by a Christian, as an introduction to the study of Roman law for young clerics. The Hebrew laws compared are all taken from Exodus xx and xxi; and these are regarded as superior to the Roman in humanity. The Latin version used is not the Vulgate of Jerome, but an earlier one.

To present within moderate compass a general survey of the history and culture of ancient India is no easy task even with the help of the *Grundriss* and other aids. Yet this has been the task undertaken and admirably performed by Mr. Lionel D. Barnett, in his "Antiquities of India" (Putnam; $4). Beginning with an outline of historical changes the author sketches the varying conditions of society as revealed by literature and the monuments, also the administration of the state, religious rituals, scientific knowledge, and achievements in architecture and painting. Standard works have been consulted and copious illustrations show examples of ancient Hindu painting, sculpture, architecture, and coins. Especially valuable to the Sanskritist is the summary from the Kautilïya of economic conditions, and, from the later literature, of astronomical and medicinal details. The author might perhaps have made it a little clearer whether the imaginary astronomy of early India was set aside by the later science showing Greek influence, and the epic and Paranic periods are rather jumbled together; but conciseness does not permit much discussion and the scholar will be thankful for so handy a *vade mecum,* while the student of things Oriental, if not a Sanskritist, will find this excellent handbook to be a thoroughly trustworthy as well as readable manual.

We have received from Lippincott, Chambers's English Dictionary, edited by Rev. Thomas Davidson, which has now been enlarged by a supplement containing thirty-nine pages of additional words and phrases.

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Science

THE AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 29.

(Delayed in transmission.)

During a period of heat and drought unequalled here in one hundred and forty-nine years, the Amherst Eclipse Expedition, under the direction of Professor Todd, is having its first glimpse of Russia. This great imperial city of the north is stifled under clouds of hot dust. The heavily padded cab-drivers jounce blindly along the stupendous distances, dust shutting down over them from the shimmering sky. Here and there a pile of ultramarine, star-studded domes towers into the heat, or a cluster of domes of gold, or a massive monolith of Finland granite.

To astronomers it may not seem an exaggeration to say that the most interesting observatory in the world is that at Pulkowa, a small town a few miles south of St. Petersburg. The story goes that on the hill where the observatory now stands Nicholas I and some friends were once conversing. Looking along the great *chaussée* which leads towards St. Petersburg in a mathematically straight line, like all high-roads in Russia, some one remarked, "Does it mark the North?" "About 4′ out of the way," replied his Majesty on a venture. "Well," said Friedrich Wilhelm Struve, who was of the party, "we ought to establish an observatory here to determine just how far out of the way it really is." "All right," said his Majesty, "go ahead. I'll give you two million rubles to start it with." And so, in 1835, the Imperial Observatory of Pulkowa was begun. It has really had but three directors, Friedrich Wilhelm Struve, born in 1793, its famous founder; Otto Struve, his son, who was the only director after his father's death, excepting a short intermission under the leadership of Dr. Bredichin, until Dr. Backlund became director in 1894. Pulkowa is the greatest school for astronomical novitiates in the world, Dr. Backlund among countless others having received much of his early training here. Born in Sweden of humble parentage, his unusual intelligence gained him a scholarship in Stockholm, where, at the expense of the state, he began his astronomical career under Hugo Gyldén. To visiting astronomers of all lands Pulkowa is the host of 1914. She expects to entertain the Astronomische Gesellschaft immediately after the eclipse. Founded in Germany many years ago, this august body now numbers among its members astronomers from all over the world. Papers of international importance are scheduled to be presented at these meetings in late August.

To reach Pulkowa from St. Petersburg we had a half hour's train-ride through sizzling country to Alexandrovskaya, a tiny hamlet whose wide streets are edged with log cabins falling into ruin under the dust. After being buttoned into a minute wagon by a wadded coachman, we galloped along a perfectly level turnpike until we finally reached an avenue of trees leading through an ancient park to the hilltop, where the yellow plaster buildings of the Observatory are embowered in gardens. When we were received in a lower hall by a be-medalled, bearded footman about four feet tall, we were led through wide corridors to Dr. Backlund's sanctum, a vaulted room filled with portraits of directors, ministers, and grand dukes. We found there the English astronomers from the Greenwich Royal Observatory, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Jones, also Mr. Hepburn, a volunteer-associate. They are to settle for observations of the eclipse in Minsk, about halfway between Riga and Kiev, as the eclipse track goes. Crossing the northern countries, Greenland, Norway, and Sweden, the island of Ösel in the Baltic, where the University of Helsingfors is to send an expedition, the moon's shadow, about seventy miles in width, reaches Russia nearly centrally over Riga, travels slightly to the east of Kiev, where totality will last 2 minutes 15 seconds, then across the Crimea over the Black Sea and Armenia, and finally trails off through Persia. Meteorologically, the outlook for successful observations on this eclipse is not especially encouraging, but Russia, between Riga and the Crimea, would seem to be most favorable.

La Société Astronomique Russe is sending three expeditions, one to Riga, one to Feodosia, and one to Armenia. This party is to be conveyed to Trebizond in a warship, and will then take a five days' caravan journey into the interior. Several parties are going from Pulkowa, one of which is to settle at Stavidly, near Kamenka, in the province of Kiev. Among the astronomers at Stavidly are M. Baiev, of Moscow; M. Gratchoff, of Kazan, and M. Tichoff, of Pulkowa. M. Tichoff is to make interesting experiments in photographing the corona in different regions of the spectrum. The wavelengths that affect the eye being mostly long, that is to say, in the red region of the spectrum, the photographic plate is sensitive to short wave-lengths, at the blue end of the spectrum, and beyond into the violet and ultra-violet. As the corona consists mostly of this light, photography supplements vision for research. M. Tichoff has four lenses corrected to different wave-lengths, *i. e.*, of different colors. Thus he will discover the shape of the corona as photographed through light of different degrees of frangibility, in the different parts of the spectrum. He will continue these experiments after the eclipse in the Caucasus, where, on the summit of El Bruz, he will try to photograph the sun's corona without an eclipse.

In addition to the party from the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, Major E. H. Hills, C.M.G., F.R.S., president of the Royal Astronomical Society, with Mr. W. E. Curtis and Mr. A. Fowler, of the Imperial College of Science and Technology at South Kensington, will be in the vicinity of Kiev. As to the Crimea, there will be upwards of forty parties there, mostly near Feodosia, including several French expeditions, notably M. Chrétien, of Nice, and M. de la Baume Pluvinel. Mr. Perrine, of Argentina, will be in the Crimea also. Besides the Amherst expedition there is but one other party from the United States, that of the Lick Observatory under the direction of Professor Campbell and Dr. Curtis. This party will also be in or near Kiev.

The instruments of Pulkowa are adjusted with amazing precision; the transit circle, for instance, measures the one hundredth of a second of time. This meridian circle, a classic old instrument built long ago and kept in constant use, shows the thoroughness with which the original designs and mountings were made. The fifteen-inch telescope, with which F. W. Struve made his historic observations of double stars, fundamental work dealing with the constitution of the stellar universe, still stands on a modern Repsold mounting. Most interesting is the laboratory of M. Bélopolsky, the widely known spectroscopist. On a small plate a star's spectrum is photographed. After development the position of various lines is measured, which indicates whether the star is receding from or advancing towards us, and at what speed. M. Bélopolsky showed us the instrument with which he is now investigating the variation of intensity of a line of europium in the star, Canum Venaticorum, whose wave-length is less than 1-10 mm. Near by is the laboratory where M. Kostinsky and others are measuring the parallaxes of stars, a most minute study.

Then, through a delicious garden, we were taken into the dome of the thirty-inch refractor, at the time when it was made by Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, 1879-80, the finest in the world. A spectrograph is attached to its end with exactest possible adjustments; for instance, since spectrum-lines vary with temperature, the instrument is enclosed in a case in which a thermostat supplies an automatic control of the temperature to the one-tenth of a degree.

Beyond another garden and tennis courts on the edge of the park is the seismographic laboratory, established five years ago by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and the most accurate in the world. The instruments, embedded in a series of dark chambers far underground, are so finely adjusted that the entrance of a single person to change the photographic sheet disturbs the equilibrium. Some instruments register disturbances east and west, some north and south, by means of a delicately balanced needle on a revolving blackened cylinder. Some, by the vibration of a ray of light constantly admitted and reflected by a mirror to a revolving film, make a photographic image of the earth's movements and by minute calculation indicate the exact second at which an earthquake takes place in Alaska or Patagonia, as well as the extent of its damage. As everywhere at Pulkowa, there is a house near by containing the offices and apartments of observers. At least twenty-five astronomers live at the observatory, not to

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mention assistants and mechanics of every description.

Unique in popular interest is perhaps the library of this great institution. There are countless treasures, among them seventeen volumes of the MSS. of Kepler. Only two others are known to exist, one at Vienna and one at Prague. A prayer-book belonging to Copernicus has marginal notes by himself. The first book printed in Russia is also here, dating from 1472, and Ptolemys, dating from 1482. Another curiosity is a volume of the "Histoire de l'Académie Royale des Sciences," riddled with bullet holes made when the Observatory of Paris was bombarded by the Communists. Two specula, still in use, made by Sir William Herschel, were sent to Catherine II by George III of England.

In the rotunda of the timepieces, a great room filled with silence except for the ticking of the nine authoritative clocks, hang portraits of famous astronomers: Copernicus and Tycho Brahe, discolored with age; the Herschels and Struves, Laland, Leverrier, Bessel, and Schumacher. The only American portrait is that of Simon Newcomb, and the most recently added is that of Sir David Gill, who died only a few months since. No dates are attached to this frame, for Dr. Backlund refuses to consider his friend as among the dead. The air of this dim, high, cool place is sacred. The voices of visiting astronomers were hushed as they entered one by one. The finest of all the nine clocks, which was made by Riefler of Munich, is enclosed in a glass bottle five feet high, from which the air is exhausted to constant minimum tension, so that the swing of the pendulum is not affected by a barometric change. Three clocks under the floor are sealed up where the temperature never varies. By means of all this debauch of precision, time can be kept to the one-five-hundredth of a second. Even if the sky were clouded for eight days, time could still be found, correct to the one-hundredth of a second. The cannon fired at noon each day from the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg is prompted by an electric signal from the Pulkowa Observatory.

MILLICENT TODD.

For a genuinely barren scholasticism we must turn, not to mediæval philosophy, but to the latest developments of modern science as exemplified by L. M. Gilbreth in "The Psychology of Management" (Sturges & Walton; $2 net). The reader lays down the book with the feeling that he has been supplied with little evidence regarding the actual and concrete psychology of management—how the men most affected think and feel about it. Instead of this, he is offered 250 pages of *a priori* deduction of the obvious inferences, often too obvious to be convincing, to be derived from such abstractions as "functionalization," "measurement," and "standardization," in the course of which a desperate attempt is made to show that standardization must—not that it really does—develop individuality. Meanwhile, the beauty of standardization is illustrated in the form of the several chapters. The book itself does not increase our confidence that management will add to the joy of living.

Drama and Music

MODERN PLAYWRIGHTS.

Dramatic Portraits. By P. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

According to a prefatory note, this book is written from a particular point of view from which "the dramatic art is looked upon as a separate art from the literary, and from which especial attention is given to the manner of its practice." The specification, in itself somewhat vague and incomprehensible—the association of the two arts being exceedingly intimate—is not particularly apparent in the general character of the essays themselves, which discuss the literary form of the dramatists under review, just as fully as their constructive methods or their artistic and dramatic equipment. They do not differ in plan from ordinary dramatic criticism, but excel most of it in scholarship, in felicity of style, in aptness of quotation and illustration, in ingenuity of special pleading, and general consistency. Mr. Howe has the modern drama at his fingers' ends; he writes with the assurance of full knowledge and abundant cleverness, but he is not a sound critic, because his judgment is the slave of his personal preferences. He does not realize that art fulfils itself in many ways and that what is good, of its kind, is good even if it may not conform with the latest definitions. It is his weakness to take tithe of mint and cumin and neglect the weightier matters of the law. The true province of criticism is to discern merit, wherever it may lie, not to be meticulous in the detection of minor flaws.

There is much that is true, and obvious, in his criticism of Pinero, but the spirit of his estimate is, on the whole, ungenerous, paltry, and unjust, not because he does not allow him due credit as a theatrical artificer, but because he laboriously lays too much stress upon minor infelicities of verbal expression or technical execution which are not characteristic of this playwright's work in the mass. Of course, Pinero is not a great dramatist. It is undoubtedly true—it is a platitude—that his dominant anxiety has been to supply the commercial, not the artistic, theatre. Often he has shown himself tricky, insincere, and vulgar. But if he has never dared, or known how, to be a pioneer, to burst the shackles of convention, it should be admitted that he has the saving grace of trying to move with the times. That he is a genius no one would pretend, but he has proved that he can profit by example. His maturer work is marked by shrewd observation, efficient satire, veracious humor, logical and dramatic development, and considerable literary skill. These are substantial virtues which ought not to be slurred over or ignored in what professes to be a verdict based upon critical analysis. From his own point of view his parting fling at Sir Arthur that "he kept the theatre open" is not particularly happy. That might be said of Shakespeare or Hall Caine.

In his zeal for realism Mr. Howe is almost equally unfair in his dealing with Henry Arthur Jones. If by "realism," as he seems to imply, although he does not expressly say so, he means "actuality," his strictures are not without warrant, so far as the particular instances which he selects for his ridicule are concerned, but Mr. Jones never has pretended to be a realist in this restricted sense, and ought not to be judged by a standard whose validity he has always disputed. What Mr. Howe does not appear to recognize is the fact that there is no necessary conflict between realism and imagination; that a work of the most glorified fancy and idealism may be realistic so long as it respects the eternal verities. It is true enough that Mr. Jones, like many other dramatists of note—it might even be safe to say all dramatists—has availed himself of theatrical conventions, against whose absurdity he has protested, that he is often trivial, ultra-sentimental, verbose, and insincere, but it is none the less certain that he is a good dramatic craftsman, that he has written several of the best comedies and melodramas of his era, that he has emotional, humorous, satiric, and inventive power, and that in his depiction of character he is often both subtle and veracious.

It would be more surprising, were it not for the unjudicial attitude of mind betrayed in earlier chapters, to find this ardent advocate of truth and sincerity in the theatre, so impassioned an admirer of Oscar Wilde, one of the trickiest, shallowest, and most artificial, as he was undoubtedly one of the wittiest and most entertaining, of modern dramatists. That this wayward and deplorable genius was master of a brilliant style, was exceedingly apt in the use of equivoque and paradox and the invention of comic situation; had an intuitive perception of the possibilities of theatrical device and an impish dexterity in giving to callous cynicism a deceptive gloss, is generally admitted. In his lighter pieces his one aim, unscrupulously pursued, was the provocation of laughter, which he often triumphantly achieved; in his tragedies—to which literary grace and vigor need not be denied—the salient feature was a perverse, degraded, and grotesque imagination, inhuman and abominable. Whether he sought to amuse, startle, or horrify, the last thing he concerned himself about was the essential truth of nature. To lavish praise upon his artistry is to ignore the noblest principles of art.

The essay on J. M. Barrie is an appreciation rather than a criticism, but no one will find fault with it on that account or because it does not really supply any key to the solution of that author's fascinating mystery. But the attempt to explain his superiority as a dramatist by his recognition of the "visual possibilities" of the theatre is surely somewhat fantastic. The instances quoted in support of this theory do not indicate any extraordinary degree of discernment. He is happier when he describes Barrie's inventions as an artificial comedy that is disarmingly natural. It may be

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that Barrie occupies a place in the dramatic Pantheon between Wilde and Shaw, as Mr. Howe asserts, but he has nothing in common with either of them.

There is genuine and acute criticism in the essay on Bernard Shaw, but Mr. Howe takes his subject too seriously. Even his final conclusion that Shaw is only "the most nearly major among the minor English dramatists," will not be accepted by those who hold that no play devoid of sincerity and veracity can have lasting value. He demolishes, pretty effectually, Shaw's claim to be considered a theatrical reformer or an artistic workman, by enumerating examples both of his lawlessness and his frequent conventionality, but that at this late day is largely a work of supererogation. It is a bubble that was pricked long ago. Unquestionably, by virtue of his extraordinary wit, his literary facility, his paradoxical humor, his serio-comic intellectual astigmatism, and his knack of comic exaggeration and misrepresentation, together with his proficiency in self-advertisement, he has won great notoriety. He has been a comet in the theatrical sky; but a comet, after all, is only volatile and vagrant gas.

In discussing the plays of St. John Hankin, Mr. Howe is, in the main, just, but his appreciation might well be more generous. Hankin excelled most of his contemporaries, including Shaw and Wilde, in the truthfulness and consistency of his studies of modern life and manners, and was scarcely inferior to any of them in wit. As for the felicity of his stage directions, that has little to do with his position as a dramatist. In discussing this phase of his talent, Mr. Howe overlooks the fact that the long comments in brackets, in which Mr. Shaw and other moderns delight, merely betray their inability to make their characters express themselves dramatically.

In his minute dissection of the literary and dramatic methods of Granville Barker, Mr. Howe does full justice to that writer's imaginative realism, his grasp of his subject, his ironic humor, and his sense of character and atmosphere, but he fails to perceive that the elaborate perfection of his workmanship—the laborious coördination of all his means to a predestined end—is often fatal to that essential truth of humanity which constitutes the most potent appeal of the born dramatist. Nothing is more fatal to illusion than the evidence of calculation. Mr. Howe's article on the plays of John Galsworthy is the least satisfactory of the series. Perhaps it would not be quite fair to say that it damns him with faint praise, for it is eulogistic in spots, but it exhibits scant appreciation of the distinctive merits of the work of the most purposeful and conscientious and certainly not the least capable of modern dramatists.

The executive committee of the Stage Society of New York announces definitely that Prof. Max Reinhardt is coming to New York to make two important productions on the regular evenings of the Society's season, for members and their guests exclusively.

"THE LAW OF THE LAND."

The ingenuity of Mr. George Broadhurst is not to be denied, but his new play, which he presents at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, convicts him of cynicism. He is without illusions about his playwright's craft. He is apparently determined to show us how easy it all is if you happen to know how to do it, and with tongue in cheek he deliberately puts on exhibition the whole répertoire of trick and device by which an author may cajole an audience into accepting spurious dramatic coin. And not the least amusing thing about this melodramatic exposé is that it makes a remarkably good entertainment. At times, indeed, it comes so near to being the real thing that we are tempted to forget the elaborate unconcern with which Mr. Broadhurst assures us that it is not. It is like watching a conjurer explaining just how he does a trick, and then failing to follow all his movements.

To analyze the play in detail would be to treat it too seriously, but the initial situation affords a good illustration of the author's method. Mrs. Harding and Geoffrey Morton have been in love for some years, and a result of their indiscretion is the child that is accepted as his own by Robert Harding. The problem of the play is to bring Morton and Mrs. Harding together with the complete approbation of the audience. But before this can be done an instinctive prejudice on the part of the general public against adultery must be overcome. Nothing could be more simple. Robert Harding, the wronged husband, must be painted in lurid colors as an inhuman brute. Then not only is sympathy aroused for the indiscretion of the wife and her paramour, but the sympathy is still extended to her when she shoots her husband, for the shooting is done in defence of her child, and the fortunate fact that, with Harding, who has refused a divorce, safely out of the way, the author is at liberty to regulate the relations of his two principals is for the moment not emphasized.

Again, Mr. Broadhurst is very wise in his generation in introducing the "punch" in the first act. Harding, already suspicious, convinces himself of the paternity of the child by thrashing him brutally in the presence of Morton—a sight which no father can witness without betraying himself. So the recollection of a strong first act is sufficient to take the audience contentedly through a tedious second act. The penultimate act is boring in the extreme, and as the curtain goes down one is ready to vote the play a failure. But Mr. Broadhurst knows his business; he has reserved his humorous relief and another brand-new character of dominating importance in the scene for the fourth act. Here the tempo is rapid, the scenes are contrived with much ingenuity, and our ancient standby, the English butler, has a part that must be the envy of every character man on Broadway. The removal of the slight impediment to holy matrimony which still remains to cloud the happiness of Morton and Mrs. Harding, namely, the prospect of the latter's arrest on a charge of murder, is happily achieved by means of a sympathetic police inspector, whose rugged nature has been temporarily softened by the advent of twins in his family. Could anything be more plausible? At any rate, the audience goes away with a pleasant glow, remembering not the insufferable dulness of the two middle acts (which might well have been combined into one), but the "punch" of the first and the laughs of the last.

Much of the success which Mr. Broadhurst's melodramatic *jeu d'esprit* seems likely to achieve must be attributed to the admirably selected cast, which, besides Miss Julia Dean as Mrs. Harding, includes, among others, Mr. George Fawcett (Inspector Cochrane), Mr. Milton Sills (Geoffrey Morton), and Mr. Harry Lillford (the butler). Credit must also be given to Master Macomber for an excellent performance as the child, Bennie. The production is well staged. S. W.

"CONSEQUENCES."

The problems of marriage between Jew and Gentile form the subject of the farcical comedy which is presented at the Comedy Theatre by Miss Horniman's London company. "Consequences" is not another "Nathan the Wise," for the author, H. F. Rubinstein, holds no serious brief, being content to skim the surface of prejudices and to assume that deep-rooted feeling of the sort is too silly to notice. As a result, there is good-humored comparison of the hero's nose with the Cape of Good Hope; the Lipskis become most desirable, in Gentile eyes, when it is learned that they are rich; and similarly, the social position of the Collinses does not leave the Lipskis insensible. The one element which might have been treated with respect, religious creed, is avoided almost completely. On the whole, the author was perhaps wise in the distribution of the emphasis. In these days, where prejudice is felt between the races, it is usually labelled such, even by those who experience it, no attempt at justification being made.

The simple plot of "Consequences" leaves the author much time for practicing his nonsense. Rosalind Collins, the daughter of a prominent solicitor of London, a young girl of the new order, who has already been in prison for the Cause, has become infatuated with Benjamin Lipski, a Jew whom she has met through the act of offering him the shelter of her umbrella at a meeting in Hyde Park. When the fact becomes known to her parents that she is engaged to this fellow, there is the expected scene, which, however, is transformed into one of rejoicing at the mention of his surname. The next act shows the horror of the Lipskis at thought of Benjamin's marrying a Christian. But horror vanishes when the identity of Rosalind is established. Recounted briefly, the scenes thus far would seem to run the danger of mechanical monotony. But the author has varied them neatly by a diversity of characters, among whom the youngest Lipski, a student of Westminster School, affords much merriment. Surprises are plentiful, too, in the third and final act, when the two lovers, meeting with no opposition, discover that they are, after all, unsuited to each other. They have gone so far, however, as to appear before a registrar and to prepare a wedding party. Yet they have failed to attach their names to the legal document, and the whole business appears to have been in vain, until as the final climax it comes out that Gladys Lipski and a former Christian suitor of Rosalind's have taken advantage of this oversight to sign their own names. Hence Papa Lipski, who has provided an apartment for the prospective bride and groom, can still rejoice that he will get his money's worth.

Poorly acted, this play would suffer the same fate as a trifle of Barrie's in similar cir-

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cumstances. It is a comedy of manners in which finesse of voice and expression means much. Fortunately, the cast is very well picked, Elliott Dexter, as Benjamin, deserving the highest praise. It is even possible that he has read between the lines with wiser discretion than the author could himself. At any rate, he gives a charming depth of idealism to this character. Mary Servoss's Rosalind is not improbably patterned after the heroine of "Fanny's First Play," but that rendering is not inconsistent with the part. The other rôles are also capitally filled, with the possible exception of Lipski's daughter, which seems overacted. F.

Regarding the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Ellis writes that "no more changes have been made than usually take place at the beginning of a season. Dr. Muck has been able to secure musicians of distinguished standing to take the place of the few men who are serving in various armies in Europe."

Anna Pavlowa has opened her autumn season and is now touring the provinces of the British Isles. Her American tour will open at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 3.

Mrs. Edward MacDowell has virtually decided to allow an interim of one summer before having another music festival and pageant at Peterboro, N. H. The past festivals have done good in giving young American composers a chance to conduct, or to hear their own works. This advantage acts in two ways. Leonard Liebling, in the *Musical Courier*, cites Mrs. MacDowell as saying: "I remember one man whose composition we gave here. He previously had not heard anything of his done in public. After the performance, he tore up the manuscript, left Peterboro, and never composed again."

A week before the war began an open-air performance of Verdi's "Aïda" was given on the banks of the Tiber at Rome, the river being used to simulate the Nile. The performance lasted till after two o'clock in the morning. There was room for 60,000 spectators, and the production was pronounced a great success, musically as well as in the matter of realistic scenery. It was to have been repeated eight or ten times.

"More than 140 members of the personnel of the Royal Opera and Royal Playhouse have been called into service, and conditions are the same with all German stages," writes the Berlin correspondent of the *Musical Courier*. Nevertheless, the Royal Opera opened on September 1, and is receiving liberal support. "Those who know say that the winter of 1870-1871 was one of the most profitable theatrical and musical seasons ever experienced in Berlin. The Blüthner Orchestra, reduced to thirty-two men, announces that it intends to continue its folk concerts, and will be able to obtain substitutes for the absentees."

Scribners import a little manual entitled "The Organ, Viewed from Within," by John Broadhouse, who has also written on "How to Make a Violin." The mechanism of the organ is described clearly, and illustrated by some fifty drawings. The author deals with simple facts. "Why various qualities of tone are produced by various shapes of pipes need not trouble us," he says, "and the absence of that knowledge will not hinder us from knowing what the inside of an organ is like."

Art

GOYA AND HIS ART.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

PART ONE.

For violent spirits the painter is Goya, and also for wavering souls who seek consolation in the violence of others. Where other artists profess to be, he really is, sinister. In his most characteristic inventions it seems as if he deliberately preferred a contemptible subject-matter, the better to wreak his scorn. The horror with which he deals so vividly is never external. He must actually have seen the sordid and fearful visions of the "Caprichos" and the "Desastros de la Guerra." There is in the British Museum an early drawing which shows a young man, probably Goya himself, dazed and fascinated by obscene faces which come and go. It is a record of dreadful hallucinations gladly accepted. Such visions entirely accord with those mysterious illnesses and depressions which periodically beset the man. He craved the frightful. When in prosperous retirement he set up his own house near Madrid, he decorated it with nightmares—discarnate witches riding through the foul air, a demented Saturn gnawing at the mutilated body of his own child. Aside from these more intimate terrors, there is a smouldering quality even about his more normal work of decoration and portraiture. Recall those full-bosomed angels which from church vaults invite an assignation; in his portrait gallery, those proud, melancholy, and ineffectual men; those moody and ardent women.

To violent spirits he also commends himself because his horrors are never veiled by finesses of workmanship. The color strikes hot and brutal like a blow. There is a preference for murky reds and sulphurous yellows, true colors of the pit. Compare his Military Execution, May 3, 1808, in the Prado, with Delacroix's Massacre at Scio, in the Louvre. To the mind, the Frenchman's subject-matter, with its manifold suggestion of slaughter and rapine, is more terrible. We have a father closing dying eyes upon a dishonored family, young beauty dragged to shame, the war reek running through a paradisaical countryside. The Spaniard's subject-matter is simpler and in a way less horrible. A French firing squad aims point blank at half a dozen prisoners who totter above the sprawling bodies of those already shot; new victims are being pushed forward awaiting the discharge. Here is no wholesale disaster, but an ordinary incident of a military occupation. Yet the picture appals more than the reality would. One shrinks from that staring, staggering group and the levelled steel. Everything is brusque, intense, cramped. In comparison the Massacre of Delacroix is invested with beauty. Lovely workmanship, human pathos, a sense of persisting natural charm, give something of nobility to a theme in itself dreadful enough. With no lack of energy, the scene is meditative, has style and civilization. Goya's Execution, on the contrary, is completely unpondered and immediate, the execution as coarse as it is expressive, the whole thing as direct and barbaric as a painting in a neolithic cave. In one case we have the work of a man who felt strongly, but also thought much and reverenced tradition; in the other, of a man who felt acutely, though very narrowly, and reverenced nothing past or present.

Legend has been busily at work to construct a figure diabolical enough to justify the work. The earlier biographers, especially Matheron and Yriate, have drawn the figure of a malcontent revolutionist in the land of the Inquisition, a seducer, bullfighter, swashbuckler, full of violence, yet with the nobler velleities of the romantic superman. German criticism, especially represented by Valerian von Loga, has attacked the legend and drawn us the picture of an exemplary and hard-working artist, chiefly mindful of the main chance, and providing diabolisms for a public that was willing to pay for them. Goya's latest biographer, Hugh Stokes,* in a very entertaining but possibly too diffuse book, has followed the sensible middle course of presenting all the facts, while giving the legend for what it is worth. He also gives such an account of Goya's Spain as furnishes a background for the activities of his proud and wrathful spirit. To the springs of this spirit, the legend is the most interesting guide, and, I think, by no means an unfaithful one, but I will choose the more prosaic and gradual approach of the assured facts of Goya's life and of the inferences that may be drawn from his pictures.

I.

Goya's native soil, Aragon, goes far to account for him. The proud and independent realm that bore the brunt of the Moorish wars produced rather men of action than artists. Loyal to the kingship, Aragon was ever impatient of control. Against the formidable aggression of the Inquisition she maintained her traditional rights. An impatient, pragmatic, virtually democratic feeling radiated from the half-Moorish capital, Zaragoza. Yet the sentiment was hardheaded. Aragon wished to do as pleased her, and was little affected by abstract enthusiasms. A typical Aragonese is the great Prime Minister, Aranda, Goya's friend and patron. Aranda was tinged with the views of the French Enlightenment. He roused the stolid Charles III to curb the Inquisition and expel the Jesuits. With equal practicality, when his former French friends became the dethroners of kings and the fomenters of plebeian misrule, Aranda set his face resolutely against the Spanish liberalism he had formerly done much to foster.

Goya had much of the temperament of his great friend. He wanted to gratify the immediate need and to be let alone. He was

**Francisco Goya*, a Study of the Work and Personality of the Eighteenth Century Spanish Painter and Satirist. By Hugh Stokes. With 48 full-page illustrations. London: Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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something of a skeptic, doubtless, but kept on terms with the church; he loved liberty, but hated disorder except of his own making; he was a good royalist, but naturally scornful of the debasement of an unspeakably corrupt court. These very simple reactions of a vehement and self-willed spirit perfectly explain Goya the satirist, and we have no reason to follow those critics who see in him a youthful Jacobin dwindling into a middle-aged hypocrite. Goya hailed King Joseph Bonaparte quite as sincerely as he loathed the vacillating Ferdinand VII. It was a chance for peace in Spain to change masters. Goya sketched Arthur Wellesley, the real redeemer of Spain, and tried to shoot him in the studio for an imaginary insult. The incident shows how personal were all the springs of Goya's doings, and how absurd it is to apply to him any sort of philosophico-political label.

Francisco Goya y Lucientes was born in the hamlet of Fuendetodos, near Zaragoza, on March 30, 1746. His father was a peasant risen to the estate of a small tradesman, his mother of gentle stock. When a boy, the legend has it, a benevolent priest found him drawing a pig, a truly prophetic theme for the future author of the "Caprichos," and had him put at painting. What is certain is that at a tender age, and presumably without much previous education, he was accepted in the free academy of the public-spirited Don José Luzan y Martinez at Zaragoza. Here he was trained in approved academic fashion, drawing scrupulously after engravings and from the antique. He is said to have remarked of a Madonna he did in the student years, "Yes, it is mine; but don't tell anybody." For an impetuous temperament he showed a singular lack of precocity. But this impetuosity was to drive the young provincial far afield. Periodically the partisans of the great miracle church of El Pilar had street fights with the rival parish of La Seo. In one of these brawls, which resulted, besides the usual contusions, in some deaths, young Francisco so prominently captained the champions of Our Lady of the Column that his case came before the Inquisition. His master, who was art censor for that formidable tribunal, doubtless gave the counsel to flee, and young Goya slipped away to Madrid. It was the first of several such flights.

How the nineteen-year-old youth struggled along in the capital we hardly know. His fellow-townsman Aranda surely helped him; another Zaragozan, Francisco Bayeu, was a successful court painter.

The great Tiepolo was decorating the ceilings of the palaces, but Goya was no Fragonard to know Tiepolo's worth. Instead he fell under influences which continued his pseudo-classical schooling. The Bohemian adventurer, Anton Rafael Mengs, took him up. Mengs was an excellent portrait painter in a somewhat stilted style, but a pedant, intellectually under the thumb of Winckelmann, and just about the worst exemplar Europe could have provided for a genius of Goya's impetuous type. As a matter of fact, Goya seems to have found his way chiefly by the aid of the old masters in the royal collections. The forthright power of Velasquez captivated him from the first. Doubtless the fantastic exaggerations of El Greco fostered his own dreams. I think he must also have admired the quietly severe naturalism of Zurburan. When the etchings of Rembrandt came his way is not known, but the effect was permanent. No artist of the true Renaissance tradition seems ever to have won his admiration. This was unfortunate, for he was, after all, absorbing the dregs of the tradition from Bayeu and Mengs. The random student days at Madrid were abruptly closed. One night they found him in an alley with a knife in his back. The brawl apparently was of a sort to interest the Inquisition, and once more Goya fled, this time to Rome. A letter of this time is signed "Francisco de los Toros," and it is pretty certain that, like many another high-spirited young Spaniard, Goya, now on his way to Rome, proved himself in the bull ring.

I doubt if the Eternal City has ever harbored a less reverent exile. The gayety of Clement XIV's early reign gave him subjects for *genre* pieces, by the sale of which he lived. These have disappeared, perhaps deservedly. By courtesy of the director, Bayeu, he was a student at the Spanish Academy of San Fernando on the Janiculum, but he was probably more interested in the dissipations and rude sports of the Trasteverini below. Certain reckless exploits of his have left their memory. At the risk of his neck he wrote his name higher on the lantern of St. Peter's than any previous artist. He must have evinced a certain talent, for the Russian Ambassador made overtures. Goya had the sense to decline the patronage of the great Catherine. Shortly after his enforced departure from Rome, he won a second prize in a competition held by the Parma Academy, the subject being the victor Hannibal surveying Italy from the Alps. To enter a nunnery on any pretext without permission was a capital offence at Rome, and when Goya was caught within convent walls, he had no better pretext than his desire for a young and charming nun. His neck was more in peril than it had been on the lantern of St. Peter's, but the intercession of the Spanish Ambassador gave the young libertine the option of prompt and perpetual exile, which he naturally accepted. So runs the tradition, and there seems no reason to doubt it. Goya had spent most of the years 1770 and 1771 at Rome. When he returned to Zaragoza, in his twenty-fifth year, it must have seemed that he had put in a ten years' apprenticeship to very little purpose.

II.

Yet Zaragoza did something for her wayward son. The chapter of El Pilar accepted an advantageous offer from him to fresco the vaults of the Chapel of the Sacrament. No further commission followed for many years, and Goya presumably made his way by uncongenial work for provincial churches and monasteries. What remains of this religious decoration is mediocre enough in design and garish in color. Some time in his twenty-ninth year, 1775, Goya married Josefa Bayeu, the sister of his old master. It was this new responsibility that forced a second move to Madrid and a more persistent wooing of fortune. One would wish to know something more of Doña Josefa than is told by her husband's rather unsympathetic portraiture. How did she take his moods? What was her attitude towards his frequent and notorious infidelities? She lived in Oriental detachment from the public and social life of her lord; she was kept pretty busy bearing twenty children, all of whom were of an ailing sort. Only one, the son Xavier, lived to grow up. After all, Doña Josefa may have had sufficient *Sturm und Drang* at home to ignore the havoc her gifted spouse was working outside amid aristocratic hearts. Or she may have had the sense to see that the heart was very little involved in these adventures. They lived together nearly thirty years, and the period saw virtually all the greatest work of the master.

His first substantial recognition came gradually and humbly in an appointment as one of several designers for the Royal Tapestry Works in 1776. Mengs had interested himself in that languishing enterprise. Classicist though he was, he was also shrewd enough to perceive the popular value of Goya's sprightly, realistic vein. Goya turned off first and last more than forty cartoons, most of which are preserved in the Prado. Without exception, these are illustrations of Spanish life—picnics, dances, fairs, peddlers, ball games, kite-flying, a pretty girl swinging, young gentlefolk in vintage time playing at pastoralism—these are some of the subjects. They are carried off with ability, shrewd observation, and gusto. The hackneyed comparison with Watteau and Fragonard does them injustice. They have little poetry, either elegiac or erotic. As pure design, they fall midway between narrative and decoration. The color is usually harsh—mere hints for development by the weavers. The cartoons are perhaps more interesting to the student of Spanish customs than to the art lover. At least, they tided Goya over while his slow maturing genius was forming.

Meanwhile he was building up a reputation as a portrait painter, working in the dry and cautious manner of Mengs and Bayeu, but with a drastic fidelity wholly Spanish. Sometimes it seems as if the Spaniards were the only race with sufficient self-esteem to endure sincere portraiture. There is in these early portraits of Goya an odd affinity to the juvenile work of the self-trained American, Copley. Society began to take up the free-living young artist. He was welcomed at the country seat of the Infante Don Luis, whose profligacy had banished him from the austere court of Charles III. From his fortieth year he was a welcome guest of the Duke and Duchess of Osuna. The Duke and he shot together. The country seat of Alameda came to own some

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thirty Goyas, some of which presage the diabolical vein of the "Caprichos." He painted the Premier, Florida Blanca, and the portrait of the old King as a sportsman, reminiscent of and far inferior to a similar canvas by Velasquez, but his repeated petitions for an appointment as court painter were ignored. Goya's record had not commended him to a martinet sovereign. In these years he made sixteen etchings after the masterpieces of Velasquez, rather fumbling work, but valuable means of study and evidence of a fruitful admiration.

As yet he had done little of lasting worth, though the Fair of St. Isidro, painted for the Osunas and now in the Prado, is a marvel of panoramic observation and deft denotation. It was the demoralization of Madrid on the accession of the weak and vicious Charles IV, in 1788, that furnished the opportunity for a drastic portraitist and satirist. Goya was now forty-two years old, in the full energy of early middle life.

From his estimable sire, Charles IV inherited nothing except a marked tendency to neglect the business of the realm for shooting birds and hares. He had married the haughty and dissolute Princess of Parma, Maria Luisa. Her minion, the handsome guardsman, Manuel Godoy, ruled the land as he willed. The nobility followed the example of sensuality set by the royal pair. "Gallantry and intrigue are terms too refined for this period," wrote a shrewd English visitor to Madrid in the latter days of the old King. Already Goya had enjoyed recognition from his craft, in an election to the Academy of San Fernando in 1780, and in promotion to its presidency in 1785. After the coronation he was welcomed at the court, and on the first vacancy appointed Painter of the Chamber, with a pension. In ten years he painted a score of portraits of the royal family, including that appalling family group of 1800 in the Prado which is perhaps his best-known work. Upon the booby voluptuary Charles IV and his "Courtesan Queen" it is customary for critics of Goya to direct their most effective phrases. Since the Queen, however freely giving, never sold her favors, the term seems inappropriate, while, as to both, a single glance at a good photograph will tell more than pages of the most accomplished rhetoric. I refrain from following the time-honored precedent, and leave the precious royal pair virtually unberated. The famous family group must occupy us in its turn. Meanwhile, what the King and Queen looked like is told in many portraits, perhaps best in the pair painted about 1790. These full-length canvases are in the Prado, and I hardly know whether most to praise the skill with which the artist has caught the pompous futility of the King, yet reserving for him a certain stereotyped impressiveness, or the keener insight with which he has revealed the masterful woman haunted by the sense that what has burned so ardently is now burning out. Both portraits have the merit, which Goya seldom lacks, of powerful characterization, both have also the usual defect of regarding the spectator too much, neither is quite finely composed. The painting of the black lace of the Queen's gown and mantilla, of the colored sashes of the King, is crisp, yet easy. Goya has fully outgrown the rigidities of the Mengs formula. Where the pictures fall short is in a certain provincial emphasis and absence of style. The neighboring Moros, Velasquezes, and Titians in the Prado do not efface them, but leave them looking a little raw.

Goya's career as a Don Juan reached its height in his forty-sixth year, when he was already a bit lame and deaf, in the classic liaison with the pretty Duchess of Alba. I say pretty advisedly, for such is the record he who knew her best has left of her. It was not his first scandal in the high world. Omitting less credible gossip, there is an anecdote of an importunate husband who to secure a long-delayed portrait of his wife turned the studio key upon her and the painter. The portrait was achieved on the delighted husband's return, and a notable addition made to the long list of the painter's gallantries. In fact, the compliancy of the eighteenth century Spanish husband is one of the interesting by-products of the Goya legend. It came, so the tradition runs, to the ears of the much-betrayed Duke of Alba that Goya was painting his wife as the Nude Maya. The Duke threatened and effected an invasion of the studio. In defence of himself and his mistress, Goya started over night the diaphanous vision of the Clothed Maya, and the indignant Duke was baffled. The very summary execution of the Maya Vestida and the fact that its arrangement seems an improvement over that of the Maya Desnuda lend color to the legend, but first it is not certain that either Maya was done after the Duchess, and next it is hard to imagine the state of mind of a patrician husband who was placated at the sight of his wife as the Clothed Maya.

For many years after 1782 one will find the imprint of the Duchess of Alba in all the female portraiture of Goya. His sitters seem her sisters. Everybody knows the doll face, distinguished by magnificent black eyes and by its bordering cloud of flowing black hair, the slight arms, full bosom, and waist for which a lace handkerchief were adequate girdle. The simple frocks and falling locks tell that, with all the more sensitive souls of her half-century, the pretty Duchess, too, had returned to nature. Perhaps more characteristic after all is the little sketch in which, with fan, mantilla, and gracefully turned ankle, she pirouettes on a hilltop and points to a rising thundercloud. Goya, as a slender and elegant youth—he was then forty-seven—bends attentively towards her with extended arms and uncovered head. One wonders if such exposures confirmed his increasing deafness. No other work of art represents so well the eighteenth-century notion of a *grande passion*, conducted in the forms, and ennobling by its fervor an approving, circumambient nature. Before Goya there had been various notable bull-fighters, but his too open devotion scandalized even Maria Luisa. The Duchess was exiled to her estates in Andalusia in 1793 and took her painter along. Here, amid a nature no longer pictorial but actual, the grand passion soon sunk to mediocrity, at least on her side. Goya bore some grudge, for in certain etchings of the "Caprichos," which he was preparing in 1795, one may recognize the fickle Duchess, once with a double face and again with flickering bats' wings.

III.

The waning of a passion, deafness, weakened eyesight, years of nervous tension, were the conditions under which the "Caprichos" took form. To compare the set and sour profile which accompanied the famous album, with the little sketch of Goya and the pretty Duchess before the thundercloud, is instructive. A year or two at most lies between the gallant youth and the grim old man dreaming unhallowed dreams. In the years of discontent and illness following 1793, Goya tossed off scores of these sketches. Soon he began to work them over into etchings, using the new aquatint process to obtain powerful light and shade. Two hundred copies he printed off himself and issued in 1798. This edition comprised seventy-two plates, eight being added later. The French officers in Spain sent copies home, and Goya, till then unknown beyond the Pyrenees, became generally famous as a caricaturist.

In a rejected draft for a prospectus, he declares that he has "chosen subjects which afford opportunities to turn into ridicule and stigmatize those prejudices, impostures, and hypocrisies which have been consecrated by time." This programme only holds true of what we may call the bestiary portion. The ass is exalted in all his complacent moods, playing human parts; the ape remains the critic of the long-eared hero. A typical picture is the ape painting the portrait of a lolling crowned donkey, whose mask on the canvas is beginning to assume the lofty traits of the lion. Trenchant satire of the function of a court painter. Again a half-human monster with shaggy legs and hoofs reclines on the swinging globe and holds up by the ankles an elated man whose wild eyes fail to see the predecessors discarded and hurtling down through space. The bestial inconsequence of the awards of fortune is the meaning. It is interesting to compare the notion with the mediæval and wholly mechanical idea of Fortune's wheel. Dame Fortune was merely ruthless by higher necessity; Goya's satyr world-spirit is carelessly malevolent.

More than thirty plates are descriptive of the follies of Madrid life, with especial regard to the courtesans. The mood is generally too mild and tolerant to be called satirical. We have the frail creature pulling up a stocking over a slender leg, buffeted with much lifting of skirts by the blast from

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the Sierra, spied on by the police, or led pitifully to execution. Usually Goya is on her side; yet the sense of the ineluctable war of sex was also strong in him, and has received its most drastic symbol in the plate representing a harpy on a tree-top with feathered men of all estates fluttering about her proud head. The second act is shown at the foot of the tree, where a beatific witch superintends the plucking of one of these male pigeons by two plump and comely wenches. One holds the stripped wing, while the other sets both hands to the tail feathers. The ignominy of sex obsession has never been put more strongly.

The witch and demon series of the "Caprichos" is the most original and baffling. Here we have fiends—bat-winged, bestial, howling down the wind, clipping each other's claws; witches clutching each other frantically as they fly, seated in council—the whole repertory of diabolical possession hit off with such gusto and power that one can hardly believe that Goya is merely turning the imposture of witchcraft to ridicule. The plate which leads the Walpurgisnacht series represents a young man with bent head haunted by foul and monstrous faces. The motto is, "When reason dreams monsters rise" (*El sueño de la razón monstruos*). Plainly we have Goya indulging hallucination. Indeed, the simplest and possibly the truest explanation of Goya's diabolism is that he was merely an inverted Blake, seeing foul where Blake saw fair; both hallucinated, and both more or less controlling and utilizing their hallucinations. Yet the witch series was no casual incident in Goya's work. In old age, when he set up his suburban home, he painted a flight of witches following one who ambiguously fingers a human embryo, and a witches' sabbath presided over by a goat-like Satan, with a distinguished lady in fascinated attention. The witch notion was deeply burnt into his mind. Possibly he believed more or less in witchcraft. Malign beliefs are stubborn and persist in skeptics who have renounced consoling faiths. When we recall Goya's eminently sensual life, and also that demonology in the eighteenth century had sunk to be the accessory of lust, it seems likely enough that a certain amount of experience may have aided nightmare. He was the sort of man who may have dabbled in such orgies as Jacques Casanova records. If so, fascination should mingle with scorn and loathing in these designs, and this is just about the impression they make. No inventions are more instinct with love of the grewsome for its own sake, and the grewsome here has generally a tinge of the filthy. The element of foulness in the "Caprichos," though implicit rather than overt, is unmistakable.

Whether the artist should stir certain turbid depths of consciousness, or rather whether he should be encouraged in so doing, is an interesting case in theoretical morals. It is hardly a practical case, for the kind of artist who wants this expression of his lower self cares little whether he be encouraged or not. As a matter of fact, Goya sold off his copies of the "Caprichos" promptly, nor is the fact merely significant of the depravity of Madrid at the end of the eighteenth century. If the turbid depths were to be stirred, at least it was done with masculine energy, with unfailing pith and variety. Personally, I do not think that any robust person is the worse for the peculiar tingling shudder of the "Caprichos," and I am still more certain that an unrobust person will take little harm from them, since such a person will be immediately revolted.

It was undoubtedly the moral reaction of Hamerton against these designs that made him declare Goya a poor etcher. In a narrow sense that is true. There is little refinement of workmanship in these plates. The line is brittle, the strokes sometimes feverishly overmultiplied, the contrasts extremely harsh, the aquatint hurriedly and rather crudely spread over the etched skeleton, the sense of form occasionally pretty weak—in such purely technical regards, the "Caprichos" may be regarded as merely so much bad etching. But bad etching after all only as applied to other designs than Goya's, say to such caprices as Hamerton would have permitted himself. In much the same sense, the style of Rabelais would be truly bad if imposed upon the thinking of Matthew Arnold, and vice versa. If to express meaning is the main thing, then the coarse and direct method of the "Caprichos" has peculiar merits. Its flashing of crude contrasts is sinister. If it recks little of form—and this not always—it gives the keenest impression of character and motion. Those artists who deal in the dynamic expression of character can find no more accomplished model. Delacroix and Daumier knew what they were about when they went to school with the albums upon which vehement caricaturists have been nurtured ever since. It was no merely foolish or depraved taste that carried the half-Gothic semi-obscenities of the "Caprichos" across Europe at the very moment when Louis David was clamping down upon the art of painting the rigid formulæ of pseudo-classicism. Goya's caricatures are hacked out, spat out, with hate and scorn and licking of chops. Whoever cannot stand this kind of art may as well once for all be warned away. Others will find value, and even a manner of instruction, in an uprush of temperament so blatantly self-sufficing, and as the course of events proved so wholly prophetic.

Warnings against too much built-in furniture are very properly included by Abbot McClure in his little book, "Making Built-In Furniture" (McBride; 50 cents net). This book is one of a series of handbooks for home-makers. Its influence will be salutary, especially since the author advises against regarding any of his plans as a "cheap, temporary makeshift to be hastily nailed together in a haphazard way by a handy man around the house."

Finance

PRECEDENT.

Perhaps the most frequent comment made nowadays by business men and bankers on the financial situation and their policy regarding it, is the remark that the situation is one in which we have no precedent to guide us. It needs a bit of reflection to understand just what and how much that means. A successful banker or business man acts on the basis of experience and precedent. He may do so unconsciously; in that case, people call it "business instinct." But he also does it consciously and deliberately. The above description of the present state of things could certainly be applied to no situation which has arisen during the past half-century.

It probably did apply, in both directions, to the outbreak of our own Civil War; for that event created a situation wholly unprecedented in every respect for this country and impossible to judge or measure by rebellions or civil conflicts in other countries. Therefore, it was quite natural that the Northern business community of 1861 should for some considerable time have been paralyzed with uncertainty. Treasury and markets and banks and merchants simply seemed to be standing still and groping—a comparison which could not unfairly be applied to the attitude of bankers and business men, at any rate, since the outbreak of this present war. The one central fact which the business community grasped in 1861 was exactly the kind of fact which it grasped last month. It was evident then, with the South in arms, that cotton was one of the most valuable of all commodities to possess, and the same fact was recognized last month with wheat. Only, the commodity of 1861 was favored because foreign markets could not get it; that of 1914, because they had to have it.

But when such obvious deductions as these were disposed of, the real difficulties in the way of applying precedent to the extraordinary political, military, and economic situation began. One principle, which at first seemed to have wide application in the light of precedent, was this—that impairment or failure of the export business of one country gives immediate opportunity for another exporting state. It was belief in this result which created something like a feeling of cheerfulness when the war began, and our people grew familiar with rather hasty predictions of this country's immediate "capture" of the export markets of South America and Asia, from which Germany was now shut off.

In case of a harvest failure in an agricultural exporting state which has hitherto competed with this country, the principle evidently operates. It doubtless will operate largely this time in the matter of manufactured goods, if time enough is allowed for the necessarily slow machinery to get in operation. But the precedent has thus far at least missed fire rather badly, through the opposing influence of the financial damage

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caused by the war even to neutral importing states, and through the wholly unprecedented complications into which the market for international exchange was thrown, as a direct result of the European war.

Another matter of precedent, seemingly bearing on the extraordinary Stock Exchange situation, is the principle that prices and values, in a panic week, reach low level for the period. Even if the subsequent course of events in business and finance brings about a series of catastrophes, experience teaches that the low ebb of depression on the markets will have occurred on the day of panic, when the financial situation seemed desperate and no measures of relief were in sight. Application of such measures has always in the past caused a violent recovery in values, because absolute financial helplessness had been reflected, and the worst that could possibly happen had been "discounted" in the decline of panic.

Now July 30 was a panic day. July 31, if the Stock Exchanges had stayed open, might have been worse. But the relief measures were at once applied, and on a scale never before dreamed of, on every market of the world; therefore ordinary precedent would suggest that a very vigorous recovery should have ensued. With the Exchanges closed, we do not know whether that precedent would have prevailed or not. But the elements in the situation which in the eyes of the average man impair the analogy are, first, that never before have so many great markets been simultaneously struck with desperate panic; secondly, that never before have all great markets been cut off from communication with other markets owing them huge amounts of capital, and, finally, that one of the most effective expedients of relief was the moratorium, which may only have postponed the forced liquidation.

There are other cases of precedent which only partly fit. The unbroken rule, that a bumper grain harvest in face of a European shortage means great prosperity at home, is one. But no instance of the sort has ever occurred when another great crop, for which a large production was insured, seemed to have lost its export market, as cotton seems for the present to have done, in consequence of the very war which has raised wheat exports to such heights. Another familiar principle, that slackening trade means accumulation of idle capital and easy money, is offset by the obvious fact that certain great foreign nations have all but ceased to accumulate capital, and are heaping up prodigious war debts.

All of these problems will, in due course, reach solution. We shall find undoubtedly that in most of them old precedent has still applied, despite the seeming presence of absolutely destructive influence. We have not yet been cut off from the natural and habitual working of economic forces, any more than we were when Wall Street pretended to have discarded them, in April, 1901. But since the phenomena of the period have been so largely new, we shall probably also make some new and important economic precedents.

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